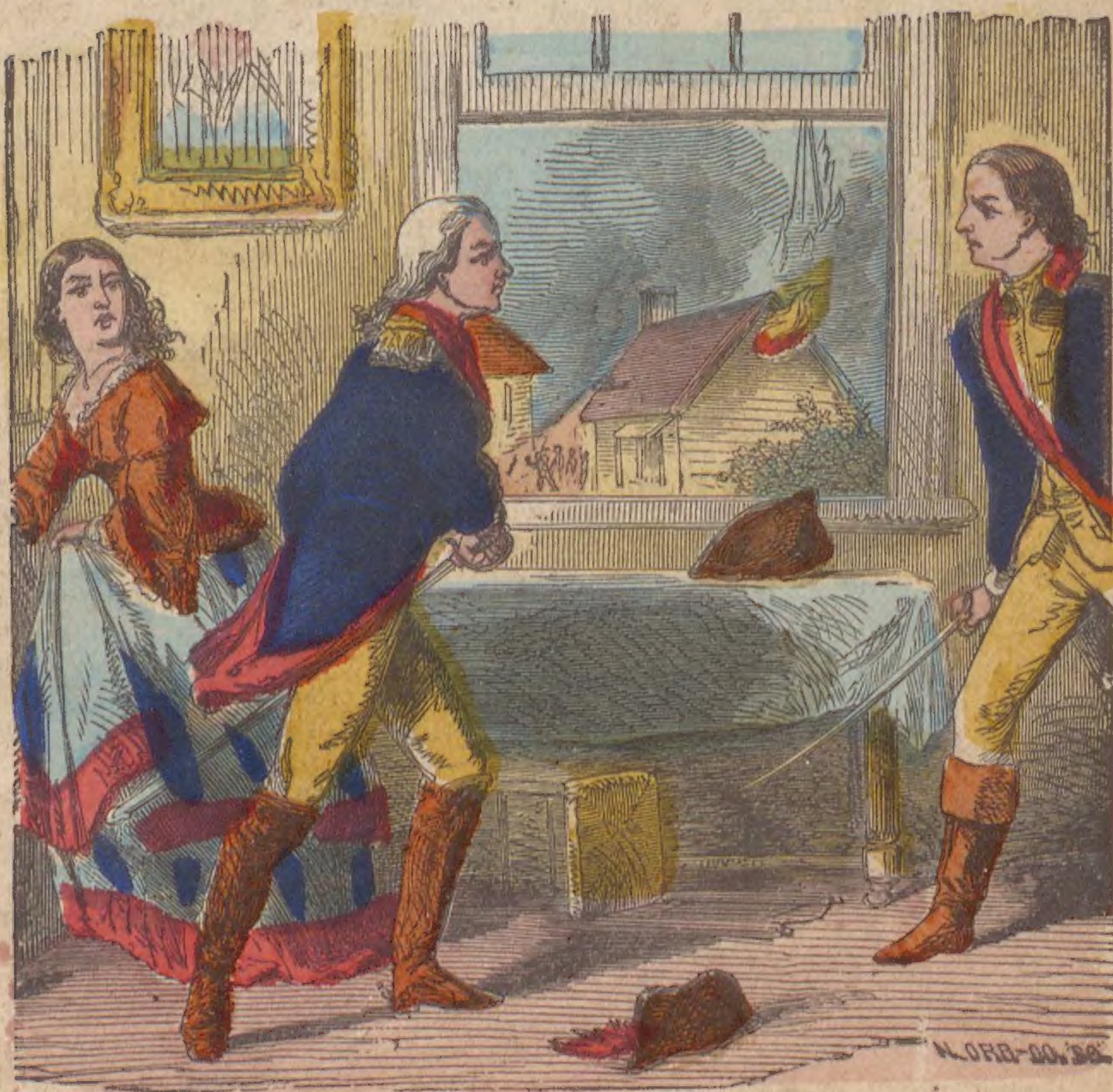


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# THE MAID OF ESOPUS;

OR,

THE TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS OF THE REVOLUTION.

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AUTHOR OF THE FOLLOWING DIME NOVELS:

342 STELLA, THE SPY.

497 THE UNKNOWN.

463 THE TWO GUARDS.

503 THE DOUBLE HERO.

526 HEARTS FOREVER.

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# THE MAID OF ESOPUS.

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE REVELATION.

ON a beautiful afternoon at the latter end of August, in the year 1777, a party of three officers sat at a table on which was placed several decanters of various wines, dried, garden and hot-house fruits, and other delicacies of an English dessert. The apartment which they occupied was spacious, elegant, and richly furnished, and was the dining-room of one of the principal residences of New York at that period, and was situated at the corner of Broadway and the Battery. The officers were in full uniform, two of the army and one of the navy. The dinner had been served, eaten, and removed, but silence and thoughtfulness characterized the meal, and no other remarks were made but such as referred to the quality of the viands, although it was evidently the least significant subject of their meditative brows. The host, who occupied the head of the table, was short in stature, corpulent in figure, with a full face, prominent nose, and animated and intelligent countenance; but there could be perceived an indecision in the eye, which was not likely to add to the reputation of a military commander. This was Sir Henry Clinton, the commander of the forces in New York, and his guests were Commodore Hotham and Major Campbell. The servants had retired, the wine had twice passed round, and Sir Henry had regarded the doors with a scrutiny that denoted a suspicion of traitorous ears even in his own household, when, inclining forward toward his companions, he said in a suppressed voice :

“ We may almost conceive ourselves to be in council, although I trust the wine will not disparage our judgments.” Then again casting his eye towards the doors, as if all his fears of treachery were there, he added, in a still lower tone : “ I have heard from Burgoyne.”

“ Indeed ! ” exclaimed the listeners simultaneously, projecting their ears yet nearer to the speaker.



"Yes," said Sir Henry, "he has quitted the waters of Lake Champlain, taken that rugged height, Ticonderoga, and is now leading the Canadian army through the inhospitable wilderness between the lake and the Hudson."

"A terrific road for artillery," remarked Campbell.

"But by no means impracticable. It is his only enemy," said Commodore Hotham.

"You are in error, Hotham," whispered Sir Henry; "he has two others; a scanty commissariat, and that indomitable Schuyler, who, with his 'Army of the North,' as his men are called, is harassing Burgoyne most fearfully."

"But General Burgoyne expresses no apprehension, I hope?" said Major Campbell.

"Oh no," exclaimed Sir Henry, "he fearlessly marches on, but he is so badly provisioned, and so sedulously attended by that incorrigible rebel Schuyler, that he invokes me to institute a diversion by advancing up the Hudson and meeting him at Albany."

"Admirable!" exclaimed Campbell; "for then the whole country between the Hudson and the St. Lawrence will be gained."

"Is it your intention to follow the suggestion?" asked the commodore.

"I regret," said Sir Henry Clinton, avoiding any direct reply to the commodore, "that Howe was so infatuated with that expedition to Philadelphia. Burgoyne's campaign would produce the richer conquest."

"But, in the absence of General Howe, Sir Henry?" persevered the commodore.

"Well, I am inclined to assist Burgoyne," replied Sir Henry; "But I can not hazard my position here."

"I think you need fear nothing so disastrous, Sir Henry," said the major; "besides, it will relieve the *ennui* of the garrison, exercise them in slaughter, and supply them with lively and thrilling anecdotes for the coming winter."

"But, Sir Henry," interposed the persistent commodore, "are you determined to respond to this invocation of General Burgoyne? My men are on fire for a little active service; the impediments of the Hudson are by no means impassable to bold spirits, although thought to be so."

"I will certainly make an effort to assist him," said Sir Henry.

"I am rejoiced to hear it," exclaimed the commodore.

"It must succeed," said the smiling major.

"But," continued Sir Henry, using a conjunction too common to his indecisive mind, "I must hear from Burgoyne again."

"I know you desire me to speak freely, Sir Henry," said the commodore, "and I will use the privilege. I would advocate a greater rapidity of action; to go up the Hudson at once, destroy the defenses of the enemy, and march on to Albany. The daring as well as the achievements would strike a terror into the enemy's ranks."



"I add my prayer to that of Commodore Hotham," said Major Campbell. "Let us by our gallant feats, destroy the prestige of this river. The enemy revere it as their very Styx, and think that none can pass it but to the regions of the dead. Let us break this fallacious charm. We have this giant's mouth; let us run up his lengthy carcass, and secure his body."

"My good friends," said Sir Henry, "you are introducing the impetuosity of the field into the council-chamber. In reply, however, to Campbell's wit, I will remark that, should we reach Albany too soon and attempt to hold it till Burgoyne's arrival, the indefatigable Schuyler might kindly retire from annoying that general, and with his usual military skill and stealthiness, reach our position here, conquer our diminished garrison, and obtain possession of the mouth of the giant Campbell speaks of, while we sat weeping on its tail. So mysteriously do our enemies obtain information, and so warily do they use it, that I am becoming suspicious even of the birds of the air, although I think on the present occasion our words have been spoken in a tone too inaudible to be heard either by the feathered tribe on the window-sills, or the more curious attendants at the key-holes."

Sir Henry uttered the last words in a louder voice. As they were pronounced, a slight noise, proceeding from the orifices of the door referred to, reached the ears of the party, as if a degree of agitation had been produced in that region in consequence of the ungracious allusion. The eyes of the trio met each other significantly, and a smile of satisfaction passed over their countenances as they thought the reporter's note-book still remained a *carte blanche*.

The official conversation was not, however, resumed; the decanters passed, and, for a time, more cheerful topics occupied the minds of host and guests; still, their thoughts would wander to the position of their brother-in-arms. Neither the commodore nor the major felt at liberty to renew the subject; but they felt acutely for the situation of General Burgoyne, who, with not more than thirty days' provisions, and with an active enemy clearing the country even of the forage, had plunged into the forest in search of conquest, and with nearly ten thousand men, and horses and artillery, was there struggling, and was there left. Without some such relief as he had solicited of Sir Henry Clinton, could his efforts, they thought, end but in disaster; and they separated for the night with less hilarity than was their wont on such occasions.

In the morning, however, the gallant Sir Henry assumed his usual buoyancy. He took his ordinary ride, surrounded by his aids, up Broadway (which then extended no further than the New York Hospital, at that period an orchard) into the country, and returned to the parade-ground, a large space opposite Trinity church, denominated "the Mall," where his motley legions underwent their daily drill. The scene here was picturesque as well as formidable. The army was composed of English, Irish, Scotch and Hessians. The former wore



their scarlet coats, the Scotch wore the plaid and kilt, but the Hessians were the most ferocious in appearance. Their caps were high, with brass fronts, dazzling the eyes of every beholder on a sunny day; their coats were blue; their vests and breeches yellow; their hair, well greased and floured, (the fat mostly of the kitchen,) depended to their waist in tail-like form; their moustaches and whiskers, in all the lengthiness of bounteous nature, were blackened, by officers, rank and file, with the same substance used upon their boots; for those were days when those polished artisans, Messrs. Day & Martin, as well as the various *connoisseurs* in "unfailing hair dyes," were unknown to the sciences or to humanity. So, in the absence of these modern lights, with one brush and with one liquid, those serfs of the Prince of Hesse, the hirelings of England at fifteen pounds a man, darkened their beards and boots.

Sir Henry surveyed, for a time, the military evolutions, seemed gratified at the efficiency of his men, and then retired to his residence upon the Battery.

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## CHAPTER II.

### THE TROUBADOUR.

MARCUS GOODHEART was a lieutenant in an English regiment quartered in New York. He was esteemed by his brother officers, and the diligence and capacity which he had displayed in his profession commanded the approval of those higher in rank. He was young, but had extricated himself from some very difficult positions in a manner and with a judgment worthy of riper years. His personal appearance was extremely prepossessing, and the gentleness of his conduct was not less so.

On the same evening that the distinguished representatives of the army and navy sipped their wine and discussed the peril of Burgoyne in the distant forests, it was the duty of Lieut. Goodheart to visit the outposts. The night was cloudless, and the stars shone in the firmament in great brilliancy; and, as he marched from one post to the other at the extremity of his round, his meditative humor was aroused by the soft sounds of a guitar. He halted, and was astonished to hear such soft music at this stern hour of night, attended as it was with no ordinary danger to the performer. He listened for a time in delight, so delicately were the sweet strings touched, and then, compelled by his sense of duty to break the charm, he challenged the sounds by the harsh demand:

"Who is there?"



There was no response but the sounds. They had changed, however, from the lively to a melancholy air, which seemed to pour a volume of sorrow into the silence of the night. With a soldier's proneness to suspicion, Marcus had first thought that there was perfidy in the silvery echoes; but as his heart warmed to the notes so gently trilled, he cast his doubtful feelings from his mind, and, with a step so stealthy as not to disturb the plaintive melody, he approached the spot without even placing his hand upon his sword. At a short distance from the line of sentinels ran a narrow stream, and upon its bank, and beneath the shelter of a linden-tree, with the water in rival mockery gurgling at his feet, sat a youth of about fifteen, apparently enraptured with the language of his own production. He was thus undisturbed at the approach of the lieutenant, who gazed upon him with surprise and admiration. He was dressed in a tunic of brown Holland, reaching to the knee, which was trimmed with blue cord. The trowsers were of the same texture as the tunic, but from them peered a foot of exquisite mould. Upon his head was a green-velvet cap, and Marcus thought the face the impersonation of youth, beauty and intelligence; nor were the hands, which so nimbly and artistically touched the strings of the guitar, less exquisite in whiteness nor in mould. Marcus, as he leaned against the tree by which this youthful Apollo sat, sighed that such perfection should be centered in a boy.

But the sigh was heard, the illusion was destroyed, the music ceased, the agile boy leaped up, and he and the dread officer of the watch stood face to face. As the affrighted boy stood gazing upon his military foe, his fingers intuitively struck a bar, as if in petition, upon the guitar. Marcus awakened from his dream and said :

“ My little fellow, who are you ? What are you doing here ? ”

“ I am a musician, sir,” replied the boy, in a voice so deep and rich that Marcus for a moment thought it all enchantment.

“ But are you aware,” said Marcus, “ that you are so near a military post ? ”

“ Yes, sir,” replied the boy.

“ Are you not an American ? ” again inquired Marcus.

“ Yes, sir,” again the boy replied.

“ And are you ignorant of the penalty entailed upon the stranger who thus trespasses upon our lines ? ” asked Marcus.

“ I come but as a simple troubadour,” said the boy, “ to a people whom I have heard are fond of poetry and song, to warble my own compositions in their ears.

“ Why come by night, and thus suspiciously,” said Marcus, “ and subject yourself to a doom I will not name ? ”

A shudder passed through the frame of the delicate boy as these words reached his ear, and he said, with some timidity :

“ I understand; but will the English doom to the cord poor boys as well as men ? ”

“ If boys attempt the crimes of men, and those men be spies, I



question if our commander would mitigate the punishment on no other plea than age," said Marcus.

"But I am no spy!" exclaimed the boy, with energy. "I am come at night that I might not excite the jealousy of those of my own nation, and by that act I seem to have aroused yours."

"I am personally impressed in your favor," said Marcus; "but I dare not neglect my duty."

"And may I ask what that is?" said the boy.

"To announce that you are my prisoner," responded Marcus.

"Your prisoner!" exclaimed the boy, dropping his guitar upon the ground and clasping his hands, for at the moment, prisoner, spy and death seemed synonymous terms. "You will not surely drag me to prison for no other offense than playing my guitar too near the ears of your grim sentinels?"

"Perhaps I have needlessly alarmed you," said Marcus. "You shall not quit my custody, and in the morning I will report you so favorably that I have little doubt of obtaining permission for you to commence your entertainments on the morrow, if you desire it."

"I believe you, and will accompany you," said the boy.

He raised his guitar from the ground, and the lieutenant, adopting a courtesy he could not repress, put a short cloak upon his shoulders, upon which he had been sitting. This act of attention excited a smile in the boy, which was not perceptible by starlight, and they commenced their progress. Marcus looked minutely at his companion as they walked along. His face was really beautiful, and his light, airy and graceful figure seemed unsuited to the rather rough occupation which he followed. He seemed gentle and innocent, and unconscious of the dangerous error he had committed in thus approaching, in the concealment of night, an enemy's encampment.

As they passed on, the boy sometimes struck a bar or two upon the guitar, but it seemed more a note of reassurance than for any other purpose—as if there were an inspiration in the instrument which the encouraging language of Marcus failed to implant. As they approached the guard-house, Marcus intimated that their long walk would soon be ended.

"Sir," said the boy, in his musical accents, "do you really think that I have committed a fault that deserves punishment?"

"I think not, because I believe you to have no guilty motive," said Marcus; "but Sir Henry may put a mischievous construction upon your visit."

The poor boy seemed timid, and again resorted to the guitar for courage. After a few bars, which made as much impression on Marcus as on himself, he continued:

"Will you befriend me, sir? You first heard and saw me. If my object had been insidious, I should have remained in silence. But I love the Muses, and I am desirous of dwelling for a time among those who appreciate them so highly."

"But surely you are not homeless?" said Marcus.



“ Oh, no,” said the boy; “ I have a home.”

“ Where?” asked Marcus.

“ Not far from here—upon the Highlands of the Hudson,” said the boy.”

“ What caused you to quit your home?” said Marcus.

“ A roving spirit—an erratic impulse,” replied the boy. “ Why should I remain? I am adjudged too young, too weak, too delicate to fight. The men of our village are gone forth to battle for the sweets of liberty, and could I remain to be reproached by the significant glances of the fair maidens whom they have left behind them?”

“ Am I to infer that your village is opposed to the king’s forces?” said Marcus.

“ Oh, yes,” replied the boy, “ they favor their own sovereignty.”

“ Then you are a young rebel,” suggested Marcus.

“ Nay, that is a harsh term, sir,” replied the boy; “ but I will not forswear my country, though there be danger in the avowal. We want to govern ourselves, and to dispense with your authority in England. All boys, when they come to manhood, seek to direct their own affairs, and are generally competent to the task. So a colony, when it finds the parent State querulous and avaricious, and grasping at all the profits of the copartnership, is apt to be discontent and inclined to dissolve the union.”

“ Where got you that rhetoric, boy?” demanded Marcus.

“ It is the teaching of our village, sir,” replied the boy; “ and upon this principle our chief male population have marched to the battle-field.”

“ Then utter it to no other than myself,” said Marcus. “ Your youth and your harmless and pleasing occupation may allow you to pass with impunity; but if the Governor were to imagine you capable of disseminating such dangerous doctrines as you have just expressed, he would at least detain you as a prisoner; and if you just take a glance at the various warriors of that class confined in the Old Dutch Church, you will be most careful to avoid such association.”

“ Do you, then, treat your prisoners so badly?” asked the boy, with considerable trepidation.

But the lieutenant did not regard the question. He had reached the guard-house, and proceeded to report the occurrence of the night in a manner so favorable to the delinquent, that the appearance of the boy was passed over, and, at the solicitation of Marcus, he was permitted to remain in garrison for the amusement of those who had a passion for music. The boy had excited so deep an interest in Marcus that he assumed his guardianship. He felt assured that, from his language and general deportment, he belonged to the higher classes of society; and, although he would not attempt to penetrate the mystery which seemed to surround him, he determined to protect him from the ribald characters of their motley camp. Mar-



cus, therefore, invited him to occupy a bed at his own quarters. The boy blushed deeply, seemed much confused, and declined the kindness, while his eyes were intent upon the floor.

“Then come with me, my good little friend,” said Marcus, “and I will seek apartments for you in a quiet house, so that you may be protected from the rough fellows of the garrison.”

Marcus soon succeeded in procuring his admission to a respectable house, and the “handsome guitar-boy” was soon the most popular character in every circle.

At this period there was a theater in John street, where amateur theatricals, composed wholly of the officers, gave frequent representations. Marcus was one of the leading members of this society, and he soon introduced upon the stage his favorite guitar-boy, who astonished and bewildered the ladies by his beauty, elegance and grace, and by his musical attainments. So elated was Marcus with his protege that he wrote a piece called “The Troubadour,” which, among other interesting incidents, represented the manner in which the young minstrel was first introduced into the city, and the scene beneath the linden-tree. But the plauds which he received on these occasions neither endangered vanity nor lessened his simplicity of character.

The theater, however, was by no means his favorite resort. He appeared there wholly in deference to Marcus, to whom he considered he was bound in gratitude. The Old Dutch Church, which the English had converted into a prison, was his chief rendezvous. There, day after day, regardless of the crowd that frequently surrounded him, he would chant, with exquisite sweetness, his exhaustless songs, and moved the souls of the miserable inmates till they crawled to their barred windows to wave their skeleton hands in gratitude. One poor young prisoner seemed especially delighted with his songs, and would often call him and stand communing for a time with smiles of joy that looked like those of ghastliness upon his pallid and specter face, the contour of which was prominently handsome. Marcus never failed to attend those rapturous concerts; indeed, there was something so enchanting about this fascinating boy that always attracted Marcus within its orbit. He one day endeavored to entice him from these public displays, but his attempts were fruitless.

“I want to cheer the hearts of these poor prisoners whom you treat so cruelly,” he ever replied. “All I can contribute is my music and my voice, and when they smile through their sorrows and approve my efforts, my very soul seems half etherialized.”

Thus passed a month, and the happy fugitive seemed to have no thought of the home from which he had strayed. He never spoke regretfully of lost comforts, nor of anxious friends, although Marcus was certain that he must have possessed both—when one night Marcus was awakened from his sleep by a voice he thought the equal of his favorite boy’s. It was unaccompanied, and sung a farewell



song with such affecting pathos, that he shuddered as he felt what real agony unreal things produced. The voice ceased, and after lying some time, rising from his couch, looking from the window, and finding all in tranquillity, he attributed all to his imagination. Still he was uneasy. He never heard his little friend throw so much feeling into song as he had done that night. He had early duties in the morning, and rose to perform them, and after these obligations were discharged, the impressions of the night still perplexing him, he proceeded to the dwelling of the troubadour. He was absent, but a letter had been left for Marcus. The troubadour had been absent all the night. The lieutenant opened the letter, exhibited great emotion, abruptly quitted the apartment in which he stood, and gained the air, so necessary to abate the agitation of his mind. The letter was from the troubadour. He had left his apartments and the camp. It was he who sung so pathetically that farewell to Marcus. And moreover the letter revealed that the troubadour was a lady, who, thus disguised, had ventured so much to release from bondage her dear brother, who was a prisoner in the Old Dutch Church, but who had that night escaped with her; and she added that her last words in the garrison should be those of gratitude, and breathed in the ear of her only English friend.

The lieutenant hastened to the privacy of his home, with the folded letter placed upon his heart. He saw now the cause of his infatuation. He saw that his instinct which had suggested love, and made him the daily follower of this fair nymph, had been truer than his reason, which had chid his passion because of the boyish guise of the incomparable charmer. He reproached himself with unutterable blindness not to perceive that such beauty as was exemplified in the troubadour was never inherited by other than the female sex. He was overwhelmed with despondency. Those brilliant and expressive eyes, now so far from his sight, still pierced his heart; the dulcet sounds of the guitar reverberated in his ear, and the music of that voice to which he had paid homage from morn till night yet electrified his soul, and caused him for the moment to smile through the bitterness of his sorrows. Then despondency, with relentless ire, would rush into his heart, displace those gracious thoughts, and tear his breast with agony. From these abject feelings he would recur to the entrancement of the last farewell warbled with seraphic richness beneath his pillow on the night of the departure, and with poetic ardor he would limn in his eye the lovely girl offering this tribute of her grateful recollection with hands clasped to heaven and a tear upon her damask cheek. Then, at issue with every barrier to his love, he would condemn the catastrophe of war, and lament those hostilities which prevented him from following this enchantress through the forest, and casting all his fortunes at her feet. He began to doubt the justice of the cause for which he fought; his heart demanded peace though his lips dared not to pronounce such treason in the royal camp. He thought, too, that colonists had rights and



wrongs, and that it was possible for monarchy to err—a principle at that rather cloudy period considered derogatory to the English army.

Marcus withdrew his thoughts from these political visions, as he remembered that he had not fully studied the letter which now rested on his heart. He thrust his hand into his bosom, pulled forth the folded amulet, and soon began to devour those contents which he had so imperfectly read. The residence of the fair visitor was there described, and the signature of “Isabelle” was affixed to the inspiring note. He now learned that Esopus was the village whence she came and whither she was returning with her gallant brother. Marcus read the letter many, many times, pressed it to his lips, reclined upon his chair, and then his heart flew to that village in the Highlands of the Hudson, and, although it alighted in an enemy’s country, it remained there in ideal happiness for many hours.

Marcus, however, was disturbed from the witcheries of the thoughts by the entrance of his orderly, who reported to him, the officer of the day, that a prisoner had escaped, and he, in seeming innocence, attended an inquiry, and was soon informed that the captive who had fled was he who had exhibited such gratitude to the minstrel; and when it became known that he too had abruptly left the garrison — although it occasioned much consternation and regret — it was suspected that he had visited New York from other inducements than merely his love of song.

But while the devoted Marcus pined in secret, events occurred which instilled hope into his withering heart, roused him from his apathy, and made him think that war might yet be a harbinger of peace to his troubled mind.

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## CHAPTER III.

### THE SPY.

SIR HENRY CLINTON lived in regal splendor. He retained four residences at various parts of the city to increase his grandeur, and to approach nearer to vice-royalty. In each house he maintained a becoming establishment, and occupied them as might suit his caprice. At one of these he ever received his secret agents; and those deep in his confidence, and whom he wished to remain unknown to prying servants, had the *entree* to a certain diplomatic closet of the edifice, to whom the mystery of access was unfolded.

A month had elapsed since the dinner at the corner of the Battery and Broadway, and despite the frequent but respectful recurrence of the commodore and the major to the subject then so anxiously



discussed, no active measures had been taken to relieve the struggling Burgoyne, when one day as the courtly governor, surrounded by his ample staff, was reviewing with much interest the tactics of the military as they paraded on the Mall, his attention was attracted to a man who had been long endeavoring to engage his notice. Their eyes met, there was a recognition, and as Sir Henry rode toward the *bureau* where he received his spies, the gentleman who had spoken so intelligibly through his eyes strolled across the sunny Mall, as if nothing but idleness guided him, in the footsteps of his venerated chief. This lounge reached a quiet lane, and casting his eagle eye around that he might feel assured he was unseen, he entered a garden where there was no evidence of an orifice, and as he advanced, the several doors flew open as he touched the springs, until he at length arrived at one at which he was constrained to knock.

"Enter!" exclaimed a voice, as a slight click was heard, which announced the obedience of a spring of which he was not master.

"Guy," said Sir Henry, as the stranger meekly entered, "you have intelligence from General Burgoyne."

"I have, your excellency," replied the stranger, advancing and placing upon the table by which Sir Henry sat a small compact *rouleau* of paper.

Sir Henry did not unpack this diminutive missive, but receiving it in his hand, continued:

"How go matters with the general?"

"Roughly enough, your excellency," replied the spy, for such was the nature of the stranger's calling. "General Schuyler has sorely troubled him, and so has the want of food; but the general was very anxious that I should make all possible dispatch, for it is reported in the camp that he relies much on the assistance of your excellency."

"When did you arrive?" demanded Sir Henry.

"I have been within the lines an hour, your excellency," replied the spy.

"When can you return?" again asked Sir Henry.

"I can leave in another hour, your excellency," said the spy.

"You are invaluable and indefatigable too," said Sir Henry, "and I trust no tree will ever bear such fruit," he added, jocosely, to this favorite rogue.

"I thank your excellency for your wishes," replied the spy, facetiously.

"Sir Henry heeded not the answer, but observed:

"I will not tax your willingness thus heavily; but come to me here this evening at eight, in readiness to quit the garrison."

"I will be punctual, your excellency," said the spy, and then retired.

Alone, Sir Henry soon perused the laconic words of General Burgoyne. He seemed agitated, and to feel the position of his brother-in-arms. He rose from his chair with a resolute look and an unbending



mind, and walked with a firm step from this secret closet, and proceeding to one of his other dwellings, invited his chief officers to meet him there. He then made known to them the wishes of General Burgoyne, and his officers were unanimous for proceeding up the Hudson to Albany. He gave his approbation to such a step, also, and the only symptom of indecision he displayed was that he declined to appoint a day of departure, although Burgoyne's position now seemed more imminent than ever. General Gates had superseded General Schuyler, and now awaited the approach of Burgoyne on the banks of the Hudson above Albany; and it was to divert a portion of his forces and to make him an easy conquest to Burgoyne, that Sir Henry was invited to operate. The council, however, separated, but the day of sailing still remained in abeyance.

That evening Sir Henry sat in his secret chamber. He was silent and pensive, and his thoughtful brow rested upon his hand, which was supported from the elbow on the table. The finger of his other hand occasionally moved in diagrams upon a sheet of paper spread before him, as if his mind was occupied on some field movements; but while the problem was still unwrought, he was roused from his abstraction by a slight tap upon the door which unclosed to no other summons than his own. Soon a stealthy step entered the chamber; it was the spy; but he closed the heavy door, stood at some distance from Sir Henry, and spoke not, as if his duty was but to present himself. Sir Henry abandoned the mimic battle that he was fighting, and exclaimed :

“Why, Guy, you are early. My dispatches are not prepared.”

“One minute earlier than the hour assigned, your excellency,” said the spy.

“My dispatches are not lengthy, Guy, and I will write them in your presence. I never overburden you in weight, although your occupation has its dangers as well as the profession of a soldier.”

Sir Henry raised a pen, but as quickly seemed to forget his object, for he fell into a train of meditation, and was unconscious of another's presence, until, suddenly turning in the direction of the spy, he said :

“Ah, Guy, my mind is somewhat irresolute as to the dispatches. I think I shall defer them. But,” he continued, writing upon a slip of paper and pushing it toward the spy, “take that and remain in the garrison until I quit it. Then embark with me, follow me diligently, and when you perceive that I have gained a victory or reduced a fort, be quickly at my elbow, for I shall then need your services. Be silent, be secret, be watchful, yet seemingly regardless.”

“I will obey your excellency,” said the spy, taking up the paper, and then quitting the room almost without a sound.



## CHAPTER IV.

## THE EXPEDITION UP THE HUDSON—DETECTION OF THE SPY.

THE vacillating Sir Henry at length resolved to force the passage of the Hudson and march to the relief of General Burgoyne. He summoned a council, the determination was applauded, the day was arranged, and the commodore was desired to be in readiness; and on a dark night in October, almost unknown to the inhabitants of the city, three thousand men, commanded by Sir Henry in person, embarked on board the fleet, and, with a favorable wind, sailed up the Hudson. A mysterious figure was seen to glide upon the commodore's ship—it was the spy. He knew not whether the operations would be by sea or land, but did not forget the injunction to be near the commodore in the moment of victory.

Among the regiments detailed for this service was that of Lieutenant Goodheart. This young soldier, though delighted at the distinction, never marched to battle with less desire for military renown. He was devoted to the charming daughter of the foe, and his course to glory was by the slaughter of those who were akin to her; and while, in the silence of the night, he sat alone upon the vessel's deck, and fed his soul with the hope that he should again behold the lovely Isabelle, and be enabled to avow that she was empress of his heart, he trembled when he feared that the gory path by which he must approach would excite her anger, her indignation, and her unqualified rejection of himself. But though his heart was in a hostile camp, his honor was with those he served, and he must maintain it or sink beneath the withering scath of cowardice. When morning came he rose from the seat he had occupied all night, and stalked—the ghastly figure of his yesterself—to view the landing-place which he had heard announced.

As the sun disclosed the rugged features of the country, the vessels reached the place of debarkation, Stony Point. Quickly the greatest animation prevailed, and as each vessel discharged its warriors, they were immediately formed and marched forward. At the distance of about twelve miles three forts had been erected which commanded the passage of the Hudson, and unless these obstructions were removed, no hostile vessels could proceed higher up the river. The object of the English was to destroy these batteries, and for this purpose their commander led them into this perilous country; but he



advanced with the greatest caution through the narrow passes and defiles of this highland coast. The British host marched on un-attacked in long and narrow files; but their leader became alarmed at this immunity from danger, fearing that it was but a lure of the artful and vigorous foe to some more deadly ambush—that he should yet meet a Leonidas at Thermopylae. At length the enemy appeared, but in small force; made a weak and ineffectual opposition, and then retired to the batteries, which eventually fell, and the English fleet proceeded up the river.

At the moment of victory, when the cries of agony and the shouts of joy were mingling in the air, the figure of the spy, traitorous in perfidy, was seen crossing the smoking embers of Fort Montgomery, regardless of the ferocious combatants whose appetite for blood was still unsated, and approaching an officer of distinction, who was gazing around him in great exultation—it was Sir Henry Clinton. The spy placed himself near his elbow, but spoke not. Presently he was perceived by the conqueror, who exclaimed :

“ Ah, Guy, am I not prophetic ? ” and he pointed toward the ruins by which they were surrounded. Then he continued : “ But you remind me of my duties. Follow me to more privacy if the knaves have left us a room for conference.”

Sir Henry led the way over burning timber and hissing bombs, and through dense masses of smoke, to a sort of stone guard-house, where were both pens and ink. He then wrote upon a fragment of paper, which he took from his memorandum book, and which seemed to have been prepared for the cell to which it was afterward consigned, the following words :

“ *Nous y voici* : (we are here.) There is nothing between us and Gates.”

Then, raising a small hollow silver bullet, he remarked :

“ This is my dispatch-box, Guy, and this is the document to be inserted.”

He then unscrewed the bullet, deposited his writing within, and presented it to the spy, saying :

“ That is a contrivance, I think, that, with ordinary precaution, might defeat the shrewdness of our opponents, even if you were suspected.”

“ It is very ingenious, your excellency,” said the spy.

“ It is also portable, and easy to dispose of in case of peril. It contains the hope of Burgoyne and the doom of Gates, and could only be intrusted to a courier faithful as yourself.”

“ I will protect it with my life, your excellency,” said the spy, with some feeling; “ and even if that be forfeited, I will conceal my charge.”

“ Are you in need of gold ? ” demanded Sir Henry.

“ Some little would be useful, your excellency,” replied the spy.

Sir Henry referred to his pocket, produced ten guineas, and said :

“ Will that be enough to-day ? Serve me well, be true to your en-



gagements, and diligent in your errands, and the amount of gold is no object in your reward."

"Thank your excellency, that will serve me," said the spy.

He was moving toward the door, and Sir Henry was watching his stealthy motion, when he suddenly paused, appeared agitated, and exclaimed: "Your excellency—"

"What!" said Sir Henry. "Do you lament your moderation?"

"No, no, your excellency," said the spy. "Should I never see you more—should I perish ere I reach the general—will you take this address and send what recompense you think my services and my death may merit to my poor wife?"

The arrogant yet kindly governor seemed at first indignant at the commission of this wretched spy, but perceiving the poor fellow to be much affected, he said:

"I will make provision for her through my secretary."

"May God reward you and prosper me," said the spy, as he bowed lowly and passed without the door.

Sir Henry examined the paper handed him by the spy, and placed it in his book, remarking:

"I will not forget my trust. He is the only spy of all my numerous retinue who has not served me falsely; and while those others have a boundless thirst for gold they never earn, Guy rarely accepts a recompense adequate to his services."

Sir Henry proceeded no further with the army, but returned to New York; and while he rested his head in triumph upon his downy pillow, the spy diligently pursued his perfidious task, notwithstanding the late hour at which he left his patron. He plunged into the loneliness of the forest, neither alarmed at the wild and savage howling of the animals as they sought their prey, nor suffering beneath the reproaches of his own conscience at the avidity with which he betrayed the brave men of his own land for the gold of the royalists. The spy was named Guy Wanderer. He was of but middle height, but of strength and power and dauntlessness alike resistless. He daintily termed himself a courier, and woe to him that ventured to assail him with the opprobrious epithet of spy. No one knew whence he came; but he had been true to the English, had aided them much, and was correspondingly esteemed by their generals. On the occasion of the present journey he observed a vigilance equal to the importance of his trust. He traveled all night, and when the sun rose, and he sat beside a brook to partake the frugal meal that he had with him, and quench his thirst, his eyes, his ears and his every nerve were in suspicion, and, like the stag, he peered between the near and distant trees, even in depasturage.

The second day of Guy Wanderer's travel, he debouched from the woods upon the borders of the Hudson, and before he had proceeded very far he espied what he conceived to be a detachment of the royalists. He retired unperceived beneath the shelter of the trees and commenced a more searching examination. He was soon satisfied



He knew well the uniform, and that nothing of the kind distinguished the revolutionary army, and under that impression he gayly and cheerfully advanced, carrying his dispatch-box between his thumb and finger, and hailing them as friends—the more delighted at the recounter because it relieved his mind from the sadness of an impression that adversity awaited him on this mission. He was soon among them. They surrounded him and as he scrutinized them closer, he started. He became alarmed. He was in error—a deadly one to him. These red-coats were from another fold; but being in the royal scarlet, Guy had mistaken them for royal troops. It was a company of Americans under Major Clinton, who, having intercepted some army stores of the British, replaced the ragged wardrobe of his men with the warm and welcome broadcloth of the foe, and, dressed in this imperial guise, they had unwittingly decoyed into an ambush the devoted spy.

Guy Wanderer, true to that law of nature which all life obeys, self-preservation, cast the woeful evidence of his hated calling into his mouth, which, passing down his roomy gullet, he hoped had effectually concealed; but the device was seen, and a remedy was at hand. The doctor was summoned, an emetic was administered, and the silvery stranger again arose to light. When the dispatch was read, it was equivalent to a sentence upon poor Guy, for the commanding officer raised his eyes from the single line which it contained and silently but significantly pointed to a tree.

The un pitying soldiery seized him as a sacrifice to their vengeance, and while some held him in a security hopeless to his life, others eagerly selected the loftiest tree on which to suspend their victim. The spy saw these preparations in mute despondency. But when he was led, or rather forced, toward the chosen gallows, and saw the stout, unyielding rope depending from the highest branch for his destruction, a tremor came upon him as he thought of that mysterious world he was about to enter, and with despair in his face, he exclaimed :

“ O, let me live ! I am not fit to die ! ”

“ What ! ” said one of the soldiers who was busy with the rope, “ to complete the villainy that you have begun ? ”

“ No,” said the spy; “ to repent of what I undertook to do.”

“ A minute of true penitence,” said an inexorable sergeant, as he placed four men at the end of the rope to which the doomed spy was now affixed, “ will atone for a life of sin. The mercy which was extended to the thief upon the cross will not be denied to thee if thou repentest in thy heart.”

“ But I have a wife and children ! ” gasped the spy, as he was placed beneath the fatal cord; “ and if you be husbands or fathers, you will have mercy for their sake.”

“ You cared not on whose heads destruction might fall,” said the sergeant, “ when you took the cursed English gold for our betrayal.”

The spy felt the justice of this admonition. There was no more humanity in his treachery than in the severity practiced toward him.



He was silent an instant. He gazed timidly at the soldiers—furtively at the sergeant who had them in command. All was stern and implacable. Yet, even as the noose was being adjusted to his neck, a gleam of hope was glittering in his eye; for in his eventful life he had escaped so many perils at the eleventh hour of danger, that he was still tenacious of the possibility of redemption. He now essayed to make a last appeal.

“I—” he exclaimed.

But he said no more with his feet upon the earth. The sergeant inflexible as the Puritan type from which he sprung, exclaimed, in words of thunder:

“Haul in men!”

And the soldiers obedient to command, standing at the cord's end with their arms stretched to the utmost length upon the rope, made one long and frightful effort, and in another instant Guy Wanderer was suspended ten feet in the air. No pains had been taken to lessen the mortal agonies of this poor man, nor to confine his limbs, and his struggles were terrible to behold. His legs and arms were alternately projected from and drawn toward his body, then, in his love for life, he threw his quivering hands above his head, grasped the cord by which he was suspended, and thus relieving his neck of the weight of his whole body, recovered his voice and ejaculated, in piteous accents, “Soldiers—sergeant—wife—mercy—mercy!” and at each frightful cry he raised himself still higher toward the branch on which the rope was cast, when the soldiers, either in compassion for his sufferings or fear of his escape, gave a violent motion to the rope. The spy felt that his enfeebled hands could not resist this shock. He uttered an appalling scream that pierced even the stubborn bosoms of his executioners, and rung in the deep solitude of the forest; but it was his last earthly cry. He fell from the height to which he had raised himself, and dislocation of the neck ensued. But his passion for life was evident unto death, for his fingers still formed an impotent circle around the rope above his head as his body descended, though unable to arrest the launch into eternity. He now hung an awful spectacle of the punishment of detected treachery.

The soldiers who had been the chief instruments in this scene now hastened to divest themselves of the rope which encumbered them. They secured it to a lower branch, and then quitted the vicinity of the tree. The gallant sergeant, too, as the words of invocation reached his heart, and the cry of terror still sounded in his ear, stood for a time dismayed; then perceiving the stealthy movements and whispering voices of his men, he overcame his weakness, assumed his usual imperturbability, exclaiming, in his stern voice:

“Fall in!”

The men, recalled to duty, responded gladly to the welcome order, and when they took a last glimpse at their guilty victim as they marched from the ground, the body was swinging to and fro by the impulse of the breeze.



## CHAPTER V.

## THE DESTRUCTION OF ESOPUS.

LIEUTENANT GOODHEART was one of the advance-guard of the expedition, and he soon received orders to march as far as Esopus, where there was established a powder-magazine. The command was received with delight by the happy Marcus—the more so as no enemy was likely to appear, and he hoped not to be compelled again to draw his sword in hostility. His step was buoyant and his heart was gay, and, as he cheerfully marched along, he revolved in his mind all that he had learned of this sweet village and its fair occupant. He knew that it was one of the earliest settlements on the Hudson, and almost as ancient as New York itself—that it contained a population devotedly revolutionary, among whom the most indomitable were Silas Fearnought (the father of the fair Isabelle) and her two brothers. He knew something of the feeling inherited by Isabelle, for he did not forget the unreserved sentiments expressed by her in the character of the troubadour when they walked from the outposts to the guard-house as custodian and prisoner. But he did not doubt that revolutionary as well as royalist opinions (as in the case of himself) would give way to the feelings of the heart.

Pregnant with hope, the guard at length reached Esopus, to which village a notice at their approach had been previously conveyed, and they found the inhabitants in the greatest consternation. Marcus, however, was ordered to advance and endeavor to restore confidence, and to assure them that their hostility was only directed against the government property and not against those people who conducted themselves peaceably. He succeeded in calming the apprehensions of many, and while the soldiers were engaged in pillaging the magazine, Marcus induced some of the villagers, under the assurance of his peaceful character toward them, to direct him to the residence occupied by the Fearnought family.

“But,” said one of those whom he addressed, “old Silas is away, and so’re his boys, or I calc’late you’d have heard the crack of their rifles through them passes.”

“Is no one in the house?” inquired Marcus, in some apprehension.

“Ay,” replied the native, “the gal and old Nan—them’s all. Ye’ll hear o’ Si and the boys, though, when yer Gin’ral Howe finds Phil’delphi too hot for ’im.”



“Then I suppose,” said Marcus, “that I am to understand that the Fearnoughts are at Valley Forge?”

“Ay,” continued the sarcastic rustic, with a knowing look. “I guess yer know just so much. They’d ha’ been up at Stillwater, where yer in a putty tight place, but they thought the fightin’ wouldn’t be fierce enough for ’em; but I guess if they staid at home here, they might have cut up yer dandy men into mighty small pieces.”

They had now reached a house which stood apart from the others, and which had a very superior appearance to those residences. It was surrounded by a tasteful garden, had an admirable orchard, and such appurtenances as displayed the homestead of a substantial family. The lieutenant advanced up the garden, and with a palpitating heart ascended the steps conducting to the entrance. The door was unclosed, and he was about to announce the arrival of a visitor, when, to his astonishment, Isabelle appeared at the opposite end of the hall. He could not repress the impetuosity of his feelings. He rushed toward her, grasped her hand in delight, and exclaimed:

“Oh, Isabella, from the moment I heard that sweet and silvery voice beneath my window, when you sung that soft but sad adieu, I have been a stranger to happiness.”

“I owe you much, Lieutenant Goodheart,” said Isabelle, smiling, “and have cherished the debt, for it is one of gratitude.”

“Isabelle,” said Marcus, “I loved you when I believed you a poor minstrel boy, listened to your voice as that of a seraph, followed you from place to place as closely as your shadow, and wondered all the time what invisible force, more potent than my love for music, retained me in this bondage; but when your letter revealed that you were Isabelle, then I discerned that my heart had been this silent preceptor unknown to my understanding.”

Isabella seemed greatly disturbed and most desirous to stop this course of conversation. She, therefore, observed:

“I am glad to believe that my conduct, while sustaining so difficult a character to assist my dear brother in his captivity, did not deserve your censure.”

“Both your conduct and your object command my admiration,” said Marcus; “but—”

“I was about to add,” interposed Isabella, determined to divert the discourse, “that the discipline of war is severe—that we are belligerents—and that your visit here, if I mistake not, is one of rapine.”

“I come as a soldier, at the disposal of my king,” said Marcus, in great agitation. “But our visit here is not directed against individuals or their property; but to possess ourselves of the powder and missiles of war stored here for rebellious purposes.”

“Rebellious purposes, forsooth!” exclaimed Isabelle, with feelings of indignation. “Yes, that is the royalist term for what we esteem more sacred than our lives, and these opprobrious epithets will con-



tinue until we achieve what we so deeply reverence—our liberty, and our independence of the English monarch.”

“But, Isabelle!” interposed Marcus.

“Another word and I have ended,” continued Isabelle. “You attempt to palliate your marauding visit to this quiet village by confining your pillage to public property. You know the Spartan feeling that prevails among us. The public wealth is dear to us as the great cause for which we now contend, and there is not an inhabitant of this poor village but would rather part with the last article covered by his humble roof than witness the plunder of that magazine.”

“Oh, Isabelle,” exclaimed Marcus, overcome with agony, “do not thus painfully dissect my conduct as a soldier. It is not the topic of my thoughts. I sought you with the hope that you would listen to those deep sentiments which prevail within my heart, and which reject all soothing influence but such as can be administered by you.”

They had passed into the parlor, a large room commanding a view of the village but not of the magazine. The words of Marcus caused a pause in the conversation, during which both parties were agitated; but Isabelle raised her head from the fair hand on which it had been resting, and still maintaining their incompatibility of position, she replied:

“If my gratitude be an elixir healing to such feelings, no one possesses more of it than you, Lieutenant Goodheart; beyond this, I am incompetent. But I can not deny you this slight tribute for the protection and kindness which you rendered me when, forlorn and wretched, I ventured into the camp of the enemy, although you now come with your sword reeking with the blood of my patriot countrymen, among whom might have been my dear father and my devoted brothers, who are ever in the ranks of freedom.”

Marcus threw himself on one knee, clasped his hands passionately, and had just exclaimed: “Isabelle!” when a step was heard in the hall. It advanced toward the room, and a tall, handsome gentleman entered, clad in an undress military uniform of the American army. He wore a sword by his side, and seemed much excited. Marcus, however, had risen before he entered, although the stranger could readily perceive that things were uneasily disposed. He removed a cap from his head, passed to where Isabelle stood, and took her hand; but when he perceived her trepidation and the paleness of her face, he seemed both alarmed and angered, and addressing Marcus, to whom he had not till then spoken, he said:

“I trust your interview with this lady is concluded, sir?”

“Your question, sir,” said Marcus, “is spiced with the impertinence of ejection. Still, as you may have a right I know not of to ask my business here, I will explain that I called to renew an acquaintance with Miss Fearnought which commenced in her attempt to release her brother from the military prisons of New York.”

“Miss Fearnought,” replied the stranger, “must estimate so sig-



nal a visit from a British officer with blood upon his hand and pillage in his heart.”

“Sir!” said Marcus, as he clenched his teeth in rage—and he then whispered into the stranger’s ear: “You have an object in this violence of language. I have yet five minutes of leisure, and much as I wish to spend them here, I will devote them to you. Lead the way.”

The stranger smiled at the quiet words of Marcus, as if they were suitable to his humor, and signaled his assent; but as they were preparing to withdraw, shrieks of agony arose from the villagers *en masse*. Marcus trembled. He feared that the military had commenced a massacre of them—so piercing, so appalling, so terrific were their cries. For a moment no one moved; then all rushed toward the door, and there the fearful light and the uproaring flames of the burning village met their gaze. Isabelle held tightly by the portico for support, and Marcus and the stranger were equally petrified by the occurrence. At length the latter exclaimed:

“The village is on fire. The British the incendiaries. You are my prisoner, sir, and a hostage for this most villainous act.”

The stranger approached the lieutenant to seize him; but Marcus drew his sword. The stranger was not unwilling for the fray, and soon both were engaged fighting with all the fury of rival lovers, though Marcus was willing to cast away some of his advantage in swordsmanship, fearing that his antagonist might be Isabelle’s brother. The interview with Marcus, the entrance of the stranger, the horror of the fire, and now the fatal and fierce engagement between the combatants, had followed in such rapid succession on the mind of Isabelle, that for a time she stood upon the portico looking alternately upon the duel and the flames, without power to interfere in either. But while she thus contemplated the terrors of the scene, a burning brand fell at her feet, imperiling the light texture of her flowing dress, which being perceived by the gallant stranger, he withdrew at some risk from the encounter, and, rushing toward Isabelle, removed the dangerous missile. Marcus, who esteemed the act, awaited the return of his antagonist, and then the combat was renewed with vengeance increased by this slight pause. Isabelle, however, was aroused into activity. She could not arrest the flames, but she resolved to exert her influence where it might have effect. She almost leaped from the portico, hastened across the grassy lawn, and despite their pointed swords, she fearlessly cast herself between the infatuated men. They stood confounded, while she exclaimed:

“May I ask, gentlemen, the cause of this ferocity? The right by which you convert my garden into your battle field? Would you, Adam Morton, presume to violate the hospitality of the house of Silas Fearnought upon a gentleman who was partaking of its security, be he of a hostile or a friendly race? And, Lieutenant Good-



heart, is a lady's parlor a becoming place to whisper defiance to an antagonist?"

Astonishment at the fearless conduct of Isabelle awed them into submission, and her sweet voice made each combatant feel that he was in error.

"Isabelle," said he whom she had termed Adam Morton, "I have been impelled by the injuries which we are suffering from this implacable foe, to presume upon the privileges of your house."

"And for the discourtesy of which I have been guilty in your presence, Miss Fearnought," said Marcus, "I supplicate your pardon; but—"

"No reservation, Lieutenant Goodheart—all is forgotten," said Isabelle. "But our village is on fire, our people homeless, and your men are the incendiaries. Hasten for your life or you are lost. The fury of the injured inhabitants will be visited on you. And, Adam Morton, give me your assurance that you will not impede Lieutenant Goodheart's flight."

"I promise, Isabelle," responded Adam Morton, instantly.

"One word, Isabelle," supplicated Marcus.

"Not a syllable," exclaimed Isabelle. "Let me implore you to begone. There is death in the delay of another minute. Adam, hasten and appease those friends who are approaching."

Marcus, thus imperatively commanded, waved his hand to Isabelle, and disappeared. Adam Morton had already encountered those friends to whom he was directed, and Isabelle, overcome with deep emotion, retreated to the house that she might have a few minutes to arrange her troubled thoughts.

Adam Morton was a dauntless soldier. He was devoted to the freedom of his country and to the Fearnoughts—father, sons, and daughter; and although the former did not conceal their love for him, the latter had never been known to indulge in the same candor. Adam was attached to the army of General Gates, and he had now descended the Hudson from Stillwater, to inquire into the nature of the assistance indicated in that famous intercepted dispatch for which poor Guy Wanderer was so unscrupulously hanged. He had arrived in time to witness the last of the atrocities committed by those exasperated forces. As he stood in conversation with those men whom he had joined, listening to their relation of the commencement of the fire, they suddenly perceived that the residence of the Fearnoughts, which stood apart from the other buildings, and had not been included in the conflagration, to be in flames. The pallor of death came over the face of Adam Morton as he exclaimed:

"Oh, my friends, behold! Isabelle is there!"

And as these words were uttered, a fearful scream issued from the burning element. Adam recognized the voice of Isabelle, and, without speaking, he bounded toward the house. He entered, passed from room to room, crying, in frantic agony:

"Isabelle! Isabelle!"



The villagers, little less excited than himself, forgetting their crumbling houses, their families and their goods, rushed into every room, calling in loud tones upon the daughter of their dear friend Fearnought; but she was not there, and, wounded and blackened, they returned into the air, forcing with them the almost lifeless form of Adam Morton.

“Let me return, good friends,” said he; “let me burn—let my own remains be sanctified by the same fire which is reducing her own sweet form to ashes.”

“Adam Morton,” exclaimed one of the elders of the village, enforcing his words by the grasp of his powerful arm, “you shall not go within those flaming timbers. Every room, every closet and pantry has been searched, and Isabelle is not there. She has escaped.”

“But why that scream for help, good Abel Doright?” suggested the agonized Adam. “Nothing but danger could induce that cry.”

“She must have escaped at the back of the house,” said Abel. But as this portion of the building was mentioned, a terrible suspicion occupied the mind of Adam Morton. The British officer had retreated under cover of the woods behind the house. There he must have lingered, watched his opportunity to return, seized upon Isabelle, fired the house to arrest pursuit, and was now bearing the fair Isabelle to the vessels on the river. Quickly he seized his rifle, marched through the wailing and destitute villagers, who were crowded around the embers of their little wealth, and with hasty strides approached the river. He leaped the rocks and clambered the rugged precipices that led toward the landing-place, and there, concealed in a cavern known only to himself, which commanded a view of the tortuous approaches, he awaited, in deadly solitude, the period when he might see the fair Isabelle dragged to the robber ship by her abductor, when, from his secret hiding, he would issue the unerring mandate for the felon’s death.

“I will pierce his false heart,” said Adam, grinding his teeth in vengeance; “but Isabelle must be rescued. There is another secret entrance to this cavern, half a mile distant. Thither I will bear her, and once outside myself, no other living man shall pass its mouth.”

The scene was one of animation. The soldiers were descending from the high ground laden with the pilfer of the magazine, bearing it in the pride of victory, and amusing themselves by an interchange of rude jokes between the various parties, at the expense of the defenseless villagers whom their outrages had rendered homeless. All these passed the cavern of Adam Morton; but he listened to their taunts with indifference, feeling that all this merry laughter would soon be turned to woe and sorrow. Adam was astonished that the lieutenant came not. Many officers stood upon the heights while the soldiers were noisily shipping their plunder, but the lieutenant whom he so wanted was not among them.

At length he perceived a British officer advancing from a distance



His height and figure corresponded with that of Marcus, and, what was yet more confirmatory, he seemed to bear upon his right arm the reclining form of a fainting lady, which caused him to walk slowly. As he approached, it could be more distinctly seen that the object was powerless, and the dress white. Suddenly, the officer dropped his burden. He was now within range, and the stern avenger raised his rifle, that his revenge be might complete; but the officer at this moment stooped to recover what he had let fall, and then passed behind a projecting rock, walked some way in the valley, and reappeared near the cavern, when Adam, whose finger was upon the trigger, discovered that the officer was not Marcus, and that he only bore his military roquelaure lined with white.

"His life is saved by a fortunate accident," said Adam, with an expression of bitterness in his face. "Not but that I have appetite for his death, but I must reserve my fire for blood yet darker than his."

Adam, from his concealment, watched the pillage of the day safely stowed in the enemy's vessel. He saw the last of the officers step on board, her signal of departure fired, and the ship leave her moorings, and glide gently down the waters of the Hudson, and, although he issued from his cave, leaped from crag to crag, and followed the vessel from point to point, to see if one whom his heart called villain had not outstayed the hour, and might wave to his comrades for succor, no one was visible—the prey had escaped the fowler.

He returned to the village almost a maniac. He rushed at once to the house of Isabelle, which was now a heap of smouldering ruins. He gazed upon the sparkling embers which the soft wind made bright and defying their threatening heat, leaped in among them, scattering the ashes in his search for the bones of that fair charmer whose existence was dearer to him than his own. As he sought those gems he feared to find, such appalling screams escaped him as affrighted both men and matrons, and made the wailing and houseless children, whose only home was now upon the grass, suspend their sorrows, and unite their tiny hands in mutual protection. After a time he emerged from this burning mass, which he had seemed to walk with the impunity of a salamander, and approached the terrified inhabitants of the village. He had no covering to his head, and his hair, which was long, floated in the wind. His tall figure appeared, heightened in his madness, and his handsome features, disfigured by the dire passions which inflamed his mind, were blackened by the smoke from which he had just issued.

"I have been seeking an eternal resting-place upon these ashes," he wildly exclaimed, "but the bones of Isabelle form no part of that desolation, and they would be to me a pillow of thorns. Where can that seraph be? In the luster of heaven, or in the shadows of the earth? I will again seek her and avenge her wrongs."

He then leaped into the air, as if to inflate his lungs with a loftier atmosphere, and hastened toward the bank of the river. He rushed



along the heights, the narrow ledges, and the rugged fastnesses. He looked into the various nooks and caverns, and examined every possible place of concealment, crying, with a loud and frantic voice, more adapted to alarm than tranquilize a fugitive :

“ Isabelle, it is I—Adam Morton! I come to your rescue—speak! ”

All night those Highlands rung with his powerful cry. The stealthy fox, the prowling wolf, the savage bear, appalled by a howl more hideous than their own, hungered in their lairs rather than brave the ferocity that raged without. The morning came, and with its first rays some of the men, leaving their leafy couch, went in search of Adam. The noise had ceased. He replied not to their cheers, and soon they feared that his sufferings had ended in his death; but at length they found him, sitting upon a crag, his clothes torn, his person jaded and exhausted, and tears running down his cheeks. He recognized the men, called them his good friends, and without objection followed them to the village. He entered their desolate encampment, ate of such provisions as they had, and then sat quietly gazing upon the still smoking ruins of Isabelle’s house.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### THE RETURN OF ADAM MORTON.

ADAM sat all night in the encampment, where the men, the women, and even the children, suspended their own deep sorrows in ministering to his comfort; but their sympathizing efforts gave no solace to his heart. He uttered not a word. A quiet despair seemed to have displaced the violence of the day before, and the poor people around him awaited with terror some other change from these extremes of agony. The next morning he rose from the ground, and said :

“ I must return.”

“ Where would you go ? ” exclaimed the woman, in alarm.

“ My duty calls me to the army beyond Albany. I must join General Gates,” he replied.

“ We will go with you ! ” exclaimed several of the men.

“ What ! ” said Adam, pointing toward their wives and children, “ and leave here all that you have saved from that fiendish outrage, in yet greater destitution. No, no, my friends remain where you are, fell timber, rebuild your houses, before you are overtaken by the rigor of the coming winter. But remove not a cinder from the remains of Fearnought’s house. Let them remain as monuments of



the deed. These ruins stimulate my vengeance. They give power to my arm and vigor to my heart. I have sat for hours thinking how I could more surely glut my appetite for retributive punishment upon those or upon their race who have made my heart so dreary. Blood I must have—blood in profusion, that I may flood the altars of revenge. The blood, too, of that unpitying villain who applied the brand to the dwelling of Silas Fearnought, and stole from it the fairest flower that ever graced humanity.”

He then continued his preparations for departure, which were simple and soon completed ; and when he was in readiness, he turned toward the women and children of this impoverished community, and said :

“ Farewell, farewell, my friends. I will avenge your sufferings as would your brave husbands, were it not imperative that they should remain and assist in the better work of providing for your safety. Your desolation is great—your affliction most severe ; still there is cause for thankfulness ; for had I nothing to lament but loss of property, I should be a happy, happy man. But a day of retribution will overtake those men who caused you all this misery ; and, although I cannot follow the retreat of the destroyer, as duty calls me another path, depend on it that, ere many days are passed, my sword shall be dyed with the blood of this hated race.”

The women were much affected, and waved their hands and handkerchiefs in adieu, while the men insisted upon accompanying him for a short distance. Adam, however, soon dismissed them, assuring them that their kindly attendance rather impeded than accelerated his progress, and they were prevailed upon to leave him to pursue his journey alone. Indeed, his diseased and unquiet mind was glad to be relieved from human association. His passions were more akin to those of the wolf than of his brother man, and the wild and pathless forest was a fitting nursery for feelings he wished rather to encourage than destroy. His progress was rapid. No impediment was insurmountable, and, traveling incessantly by day and night, he quickly reached the camp of General Gates. He hastened to head-quarters, and while waiting his turn to be announced, a general officer passed into the ante-room, apparently flushed with anger. He cast his eye upon Adam as he passed, and exclaiming, “ Let every brave man follow me ! ” he went out at the opposite doorway, and, mounting a horse which was held there by an orderly, he rode off at a furious pace.

The heart of Adam Morton began to warm. The challenge of the officer seemed to penetrate his brain. He thought it a summons to the field. There was no enemy but the English, and their blood he wanted ; but while he revolved these thoughts within his mind, another officer emerged from the same room, and in no less confusion, rushed to the outer door and loudly recalled the flying horseman ; but, unheard or disregarded, the speed of the retiring rider was not relaxed. Seeing this, the officer mounted another horse,



And a pursuit commenced. The passions of Adam Morton were now enlisted. He had forgotten his mission to General Gates. He had ascertained that it was General Arnold who invoked brave men to follow him. He stepped to the door—which seemed to be the Rubicon, to pass which was to go on—there stood another charger caparisoned for the field. He was fastened to a tree, and stood champing his bits, impatient at the thong which held him there. His arched neck was occasionally upraised, his foot dashed to and fro with impetuosity, and a neigh which he uttered seemed to invite a rider equal to his own fire and prowess. Adam was that. He advanced to the noble animal, loosened the thong, leaped into the saddle, and just as the summons, “Adam Morton!” announced the general’s readiness to admit him to the audience-chamber, it was ascertained that the delinquent had joined in this infatuating race of warriors, having made choice of a no less distinguished companion to bear him in the chase than the general’s favorite steed, in lieu of which was left a jaded courser.

The powers of the animal which Adam now bestrode were unequalled in the camp. Proud of a liberty of rein so rarely afforded him, and feeling that he was guided by one who sat in the saddle well, he flew with a speed that soon enabled him to pass the follower of the general. The fiery Arnold still spurred toward the intrenchments of the English, when, finding that some one followed at his horse’s heels, he turned with apprehension and exclaimed :

“Whence come you, sir?”

“I come from Esopus, general, which the English have burnt to the ground, and stolen, too, the only tie I have to happiness in life. But I prefer vengeance to death, and where I fight there shall be no defeat until I die.”

“Brave boy!” exclaimed the general; “the enemy is in front, and you need place no limit to your love of sacrifice. But,” he added, significantly, “you have come to battle on General Gates’s horse.”

“Indeed!” said Adam, with some trepidation, almost reining in his steed as these words were spoken; then recovering from the momentary feeling, he added, “I borrowed him in my impetuosity to follow you. May the rider be thought worthy of the steed.”

“We shall neither of us win much favor from the general to-day,” said Arnold, with a sarcastic smile; “but let us deserve well of our country, and we shall jeopardize but little.”

“I have a double motive for the fight,” said Adam—“patriotism and the love of all I have lost.”

Soon they came in view of the English camp. Their position was well chosen, and their intrenchments perfect; but hunger, or the fear of it, had caused them to attempt a further advance toward Albany. Skirmishing had already commenced; but Adam Morton now suspected that his vehement companion intended to encourage a general action.



The truth was that General Burgoyne was strongly intrenched, but the sagacious Gates well knew that the English commander feared a greater enemy than the sword—the want of food. This had been already so much felt that Burgoyne's capricious allies, the Indians, had abandoned the camp. General Gates was between Burgoyne and Albany, and the latter dreaded to encounter such a foe until he was assured that Sir Henry Clinton was advancing to his aid in the American rear. He, therefore, waited in anxiety the arrival of that famous dispatch which was intercepted by his enemy, and for which Guy Wanderer was now hanging in the forest. General Gates felt assured of a bloodless victory; but this was not congenial to the fiery courage of the impetuous Arnold, and on that very day on which Adam Morton had arrived with intelligence of the return to New York of Clinton's expedition, Arnold was in audience, enforcing upon the mind of Gates the expediency of an attack upon the English, and as he was met by a prudent opposition, he abruptly quit-  
ted General Gates, mounted his charger, and rode furiously toward the English lines. The general became alarmed at the excited state of General Arnold, and immediately sent one of his staff with peremptory orders not to engage. The soul of Adam Morton became enlisted in these stirring matters, and, in his frantic efforts to revenge the past, he seized the noble charger which proved to be that of the general, by the fleetness of which he was enabled to join one as ferocious and determined as himself.

As General Arnold and Adam rode on without relaxing in speed they mounted an eminence which commanded a view of the British. They perceived them to be in motion at the extreme right, and at that sight Arnold drew his sword.

“See yonder!” he exclaimed, pointing toward the moving columns. “In a few minutes an engagement will commence. Then the battle will last till night, and surely six hours' carnage will satisfy, if not surfeit, your revenge.”

Soon column after column advanced to meet the English legions, and before long the forces on both sides were engaged. Then ensued that terrible strife which ever characterizes the meeting of men in mortal combat. The roar of the cannon, the reverberation of the musketry, and the general clash of arms prevented the distant hearer from distinguishing the minor cries of command, of rage, and of withering agony. But all this was music to the ear of Adam Morton. He found a harmony in what to others there seemed but terror and discordance. The passions of his heart were being fed, and British blood was the nectar of the banquet. As the carnage increased, so did the untiring madness of his spirit. He plunged into the fight with a reckless bravery, that renewed a courage that was failing, and wherever he appeared, such deeds of valor were performed as are recorded of but few fields of battle. Burgoyne himself wondered who this man of war could be, who, without any apparent authority to command, induced every man to follow his furious path



and to fight with the fearlessness of tigers; and wherever an advantage for a moment seemed to favor the English forces, that ubiquitous warrior would interpose his avenging arm and turn it to a defeat. By words of cheer, by irresistible example, and by deeds of heroic daring, Adam Morton urged the gallant hosts of the patriotic army to drive the British, in blood and slaughter, within their intrenchments. But even this was not enough. He was fired with a desire to pass those frowning barriers. He thought it would be a brilliant finale to such a glorious day. He encouraged the attack, but the tenacity of the English for their stronghold was great, and their breast-work bristled with a palisade of glittering and stubborn bayonets. General Arnold pleased with the bold attempt, cheered on the men, but was severely wounded, when Adam, dismounting from his horse, and seizing a musket, leaped up the breast-work, and dashing aside the bayonets with the butt, entered the camp. Hundreds crowded after their bold leader, and they were soon masters of a position the enemy had thought impregnable.

Night, however, came, and Adam, scarlet with human gore, sat surveying with hideous satisfaction the carnage of the day. Esopus was avenged, although its suffering people were still in penury; but nothing could atone for the violence done to Isabelle but the blood of her abductor.

Impatiently awaiting the reappearance of the sun, Adam spent that night surrounded by the pallid corpses of hundreds of the foe, nor could he be removed from this levee of the dead. But an hour before daybreak peremptory orders were received that the attack was not to be renewed. He could scarcely conceal his anger; but obedience is a military ordinance he dared not to contravene, and he endeavored to appear as satisfied as his brother soldiers.

The enemy retreated; the Americans pursued; but, although Adam was ever one of the foremost at their rear, little skirmishing occurred, and the eventual submission of General Burgoyne to General Gates extinguished hostilities in this locality.

Adam was no lover of inactivity at any time; but in the present state of his mind it was unendurable, and he now determined to return to Esopus, in order to learn if more intelligence had been collected in reference to the abduction of Isabelle, and then to attempt her release, even if it could only be effected by a visit to New York, to which place he had no doubt that she had been conveyed. He accordingly quitted the army, and soon reappeared among those people with whom he so deeply sympathized. His renown had preceded him, and the homeless families received him with rejoicing hearts. He expressed his satisfaction at their feelings, sat down among them, replied to their thousand questions, and then with more tranquility than he had exemplified when last with them, he commenced a series of questions as to Isabelle. To his astonishment, Lieutenant Goodheart was pronounced not to be the abductor, nor were any of the English guilty of the atrocity



“What other enemy was near at the time?” demanded the incredulous Adam, “and who else were capable of committing such an enormity?”

“The Indians!” replied one of the men.

“Impossible, my friends,” said Adam.

“Friend,” said the imperturbable Abel Doright, who had so toughly restrained Adam from re-entering the flames on the occasion of the burning of Isabelle’s house, “listen to the evidence before thou ventur’st to deny its truth. I have goodly reason to believe that the damsel Isabelle did not form a portion of the prey of those Philistines who stole upon us when we were unprepared.”

“Your pardon, good father,” said Adam; “my expression was more one of surprise than of disbelief. But I am impatient to learn how the Indians were guilty of this outrage, and to what cause it is ascribed?”

“Thou art curious beyond our means of giving satisfaction,” observed the quaint Abel; “we can only speak of that which falls beneath the perception of the eye; the cause we know not—the simple facts we will relate.”

“Thank you, good Abel Doright,” said Adam; “I am impatient to hear you.”

“Impatience is a bad master,” reasoned Abel; “and, although under its guidance thou didst perform mighty acts of valor in wrestling with the foe on Bhemis Heights, thou must not let it conquer thee as thou didst the enemy.”

“But Isabelle,” said Adam; “what of her?”

“Thou art but an unapt pupil in matters of philosophy,” said Abel; “but—”

“Have mercy,” exclaimed Adam; “my heart burns for the intelligence that is in yours. Do not increase its agonies.”

“I will tell thee all,” said Abel; “although in doing so thus quickly I do but feed a passion I would rather destroy. But listen. On the very morning that the English appeared among us, the Indians were seen in the wood behind the house of Fearnought. One of our youths detected their stealthy forms and glaring eyes. The youth, with becoming promptitude—who had heard how these Indians had destroyed this devoted village a century since—was hastening to inform the elders, when he was astounded at the appearance of the English columns, and, supposing the Indians to be of the same party, thought of them only in connection, until questioned upon the subject. It was the Indians who stole the damsel Isabelle. It was these dark marauders who seized Isabelle when we heard the scream, and it was these same unscrupulous wretches who fired the house to increase the confusion, and to aid them in escape; and while we were intent upon our flaming houses and the departure of the incendiaries with their booty, these dark Sons of Baal were seen to cross the Hudson at a higher point, supporting with great care some unconscious object. This must have been the maid of our anxiety.”



“With what motive could these demons have seized on Isabelle?” exclaimed Adam.

“Didst thou ask thyself that vain question when thou thoughtest that the rapacious English were her abductors?” asked Abel Doright.

Adam made no reply, but commenced making a series of inquiries of those from whom Abel Doright had obtained these particulars, and soon became convinced that Lieutenant Goodheart, and, indeed, the English, were guiltless of this outrage.

Adam was correct. The Indians and not Lieutenant Goodheart, had removed Isabelle. The same feeling which had impelled Marcus to seek Isabelle, even as the enemy of her country—which had induced Adam Morton to provoke the ire of Marcus that a duel might ensue, had urged a young Indian warrior, the chief of a Canadian tribe, to seek the fair “white maiden.” It was love. But the Indian, impulsive in all his actions, was not less so in his wooing; and he determined first to possess the form ere he attempted to gain the heart. In pursuance of this theory he reached Esopus simultaneously with the British, and with the cunning and adroitness of his nation, entered stealthily the house at a period chosen for its aptness to his designs, seized the fainting Isabelle, and while he retreated to the concealment of the forest, his followers fired the house, and, by this dexterity, conferred the ignominy of the outrage upon their allies, the British.

After due inquiry, Adam announced his resolution to follow the Indians to their village, and to attempt the recovery of Isabelle. The friends to whom he spoke were aware of the danger of this expedition, for it led into an enemy’s country, where he would be encompassed by almost insurmountable perils; but they loved Isabelle, and they thought an effort, however hazardous, to regain so sweet a flower, too sacred to be forbidden. The bold villagers, therefore, begged to be allowed to share the enterprise, and requested Adam to select as many of them as he might think suitable to his wants. But Adam refused this generous offer.

“Think of your obligations, my good friends,” he replied. “Behold your ruinous village, your destitute wives and your wailing children, and apply yourselves rather to their preservation than to mine. My one great duty points toward Isabelle; yours to the reinstatement of your devoted wives and families in houses before the snows of the approaching winter. Besides, it is more prudent that

I should go alone. I am accustomed to the forest, and can endure its hardships, and steer through its intricacies, and can approach an Indian village and avoid an enemy with a subtlety equal to the occasion.

To-morrow, therefore, I will leave you, and I trust that when I return I shall either be accompanied by the daughter of our worthy chief of the village, or bring intelligence of her safety.”

During that evening every effort was made to induce Adam to permit even one of their number to accompany him; but he was im-



movable. He was determined not to enlist another in the imminence of the dangers he had allotted to himself, nor did he desire a companion of whose peculiar adaptation to the difficult task he was not well assured. He, therefore, succeeded in prevailing upon the villagers to allow him to proceed unattended, pledging his word that, should he find difficulties that could be overcome only by additional assistance, he would return for their aid. This compromise effected, the remainder of the evening passed in prayer, in conversation, and in preparations.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE PILGRIMAGE.

At a late hour at night Adam retired to his couch of autumn-leaves—for desolate Esopus afforded them no better resting-place—and in his sleeplessness he gazed upward upon those bright worlds which decked the firmament, and his faith was strengthened in the belief that the same Majesty, who sustained and directed them with so much beauty, would guide him on his lonely mission. Refreshed, more from the profoundness of his thoughts than from his slumbers, he rose in the morning before he felt the radiance of the sun, and, taking an affectionate leave of his worthy friends, and a well stored wallet which they had provided, Adam crossed the Hudson, waved an adieu to the host which stood upon the banks he had left, and then plunged into the woods.

An admirable forester, Adam Morton entered the wilderness with as much confidence in his ability to navigate its sinuosities as is possessed by the mariner who guides his bark upon the ocean. He directed his course toward the St. Lawrence, for he had little doubt that the Indians who had seized upon Isabelle were a party of those who had proved faithless to General Burgoyne, and who had diverged from the nearer path to Canada for the purpose of making a predatory excursion to Esopus, and that the violent abstraction of Isabelle was more a matter of accident or caprice in these fickle people than of premeditation. He could not think that the incentive of the Indian was love, so rarely did such a passion move his stoic heart. But, whatever might be the motive, he had ascertained the fact, and his object was to loosen the cords which held Isabelle a captive in the hands of these dark men, and whether he had to approach them by stratagem or force, he would only yield the effort with his life. Day and night he forced his march through the entanglements of the forest, heeding but little the discordant howls of the beasts of prey as darkness ensued, but invigorated rather than discouraged by the



solitude, and by the strength of mind and hope with which rightness of purpose arms the soul of man.

He had been traveling several days, when, one morning, while the dews yet sparkled on the leaves, he emerged upon an open glade. This grassy interval in the recesses of the woods was a luxury to him, for he had not seen the sun since he quitted the Hudson ; but a fatal signal soon warned him that he was near an enemy's country. At the opposite end of this opening, upon the branch of a stately oak, was suspended the body of a man. Adam approached the spectacle—it was hideous to behold. The tongue was protruding and half eaten, the eyes were extracted from the head, and the cheek-bones of the face left bare, and added to these distortions, the atmosphere was polluted with the effluvia of decay. The almost skeleton visage was somewhat upturned, and to the left breast was appended a circular paper, upon which was conspicuously written these words of ignominy : “ A spy.”

“ Poor, wretched and perfidious man ! ” exclaimed Adam ; “ nothing can be said in extenuation of your crime but that your integrity was tempted by the gold of those who had as little morality as yourself.”

Adam was soon again in the concealment of the forest, contending against its obstructions with great vehemence, endeavoring to chase from his thoughts the revolting object which he had just witnessed ; but the figure seemed ever to swing before his eyes, as if typical of the fate that awaited him for venturing so near a hostile camp. But, although for many days and nights he was unable to banish this vision from his mind, or the taint of its rottenness from his nostrils, still his resolution to deliver Isabelle or perish was unshaken. However, it induced him to proceed with redoubled caution ; he advanced only by night, and in the day sought, like the animals of prey, the gloomy shelter of some almost impenetrable fastness. But soon he heard, as he lay hidden in his lair, the querulous roar of waters, and then he well knew that he was not far from the St. Lawrence, whose lengthy rapids contribute so much to class her as one of the most exciting rivers in the world. That evening he ventured from his den rather earlier than had been of late his wont, that he might ascertain, before the setting of the sun, on which part of the noble river he had debouched. It was the hoarse voice of the famous rapid “ Long Saut ” which he had heard, and which now opened before him in a frowning defiance that he dared not contend against.

Adam had no alternative but to proceed up the river above the rapids, or travel down its banks to Lake St. Francis, which is very wide. However, he determined to adopt the latter plan, as he believed that the tribe who had made Isabelle their captive dwelt somewhere on the banks of the Ottawa, and thither he determined to proceed. He had now to guard as much against the cunning Indian as the watchful English, and had to advance so stealthily as to make



his journey very tedious; still, he arrived on the verge of the lake without casualty. He was dextrous in the management of a boat; but, unfortunately, nothing of the kind presented itself to his view. He was well aware of the caution of the Indians to cross from side to side and conceal their boats for many days until their return; but they were so ingenious in selecting hiding-places, and marked them with contrivances so much like those of nature rather than of art, that there was little hope of detecting one of these, even admitting that there might be one upon the shore. Yet he considered his undertaking of such a sacred character that he made every effort to attain its object, and sought, with untiring patience, all that day for some means of crossing the lake. At night he watched for miles along the shore, hoping to observe the arrival of something that he might seize for his own use, and when day again afforded him sufficient light, he resumed his search, until, thoroughly fatigued and wholly unsuccessful, he sat down upon what he supposed a tree, almost in despair, when suddenly he discovered that his resting-place, the very seat on which he was giving utterance to so much lamentation, was the object of his solicitude—a canoe—so artfully secreted that nothing but accident could have led to its disclosure.

Adam was rejoiced that he had overcome the sagacity of his rivals, and when night had spread her mantle upon the lake and upon the land, and he considered that the hour of safety had arrived, he dragged the canoe to the river's edge, and launched it upon its surface. He leaped in, seized the paddles, and commenced moving from the shore. The moment was propitious; another instant might have been fatal to his efforts, and to himself. He had not proceeded more than fifty yards on the lake, when two Indians, furious with rage, appeared on the bank, and plunged into the water to recover their boat; but Adam was a dextrous oarsman, and he found that, notwithstanding their expertness in the water, they were soon convinced of the uselessness of their exertions.

The lake, at this point, was more than five miles in width, and the darkness was so profound that it was impossible for Adam to distinguish his course. On one or two occasions he found himself under the influence of strong currents, but he conquered those dangers, and after several hours' severe labor arrived safely on the Canadian shore; but being too much exhausted to haul up the canoe, or to undertake any other labor, he moored it beside the bank, and throwing himself on the bottom, was soon in deep slumber. When he awoke, it was with alarm that he beheld the sun high above the horizon; but all seemed quiet and peaceful. The boat had drifted beneath some overhanging branches, by which it was wholly concealed, and in this sheltered situation, Adam began to examine into the nature of the material of which his bed had been composed. To his astonishment he found the full uniform of a British officer, together with his sword, which, in all probability, the owners of the boat had pillaged from some of the garrisons, affecting, at the same time, to be confederates of the English.



Adam regarded this as a most fortunate incident. He was aware that no stranger was more acceptable in an Indian village than a British officer, who had contrived to impress them with a reverence for his importance, which was greatly aided by the elegance of his costume. He consequently determined to impersonate the rank of the owner of these accouterments, and, thus gaily attired, to prosecute his march more boldly, and by day instead of laboring under the disadvantages of traveling by night. He therefore went on shore, found an appropriate hiding-place for his canoe, which he might again require, and, after hauling it on shore and secreting it, he commenced his toilet as an Englishman, by which he at least changed his coat, though unmoved in his principles.

The danger on the Canadian side of the St Lawrence was not so great as on that which Adam Morton had just quitted. It was unlikely that he would encounter the English, and he thought that he could sufficiently propitiate the Indians by the importance of his assumed character. He, therefore, with more confidence, resumed his journey in search of Isabelle. He directed his course toward the Ottawa river, where he knew there was an Indian village, and where he hoped to obtain such intelligence as might guide his future movements.

One evening, just as the sun was tipping the summit of the trees with its last tints of gold, he found that he was approaching an Indian village. Hope lightened his step and made joyous his heart. The evening was warm; but by the time he had reached the opening, whence he could look down upon the wigwams of the Indians, it had become dark. He knew it was unsafe to advance unless he could be distinguished, for as these people valued life but little, especially that of others, he might be sacrificed as a foe even in the guise of a friend, and some slight atonement for the error when life was gone thought a sufficient recompense. He, therefore, placed himself in the deep shadow of a tree on a mound at the entrance to the village, and there awaited an opportunity to introduce himself to one of their braves, that he might assure himself of the protection and respect usually accorded to his cloth, or rather to the cloth he wore.

It was evident that some ceremony was about to be performed, for many torches were burning in the area in front of the huts, and the Indians were forming in a circle, leaving the center unoccupied, as if that were reserved for some special purpose. Adam was wishing to join this general meeting, when a slight touch upon the shoulder made him leap from the spot where he thought he had been standing so secure and so alone. So intent was he upon the proceedings in front, that he could not anticipate such a salutation from behind.

"My brother fright!" ejaculated a creature dark as the night, apparently well pleased to detect in an English officer a less stoic nature than that usually displayed by an Indian.

Adam Morton, however, for a time could not respond. He could not



so immediately recover from the astonishment produced by this peculiar whisper in his ear at a moment when he thought all engaged at the council in the front. The silence of Adam gave rise to yet further exultation in the Indian, who repeated :

“ My brother fright ! ”

This second exclamation aroused Adam from his surprise, for it conveyed to him the pleasing conviction that his English costume had been recognized, and procured his acknowledgement as a fellow-warrior; but that his courage might not be doubted by these susceptible people, who are so apt to form their judgement from the surface of things, he replied :

“ No, no, not frightened. A soldier is never frightened. He is by nature fearless like your braves; but I thought you were all there, and wondered what could touch me; ” and Adam pointed toward the circle.

“ Me everywhere, ” said the Indian, casting his arms around to give emphasis to his words, and as if to impress Adam that he was something more than ordinary men.

“ Except by our council-fire, ” observed Adam, sarcastically, and added, “ there my brother does not warm himself. ”

“ Our braves must come home sometimes, ” said the Indian somewhat chagrined, supposing that the allusion was to their abandonment of General Burgoyne. “ Indian enemies as well as white man White man fight white man. Indian fight Indian sometimes. ”

“ But I come to smoke with my brother, ” ventured Adam, and to talk with him. ”

“ Good, my brother, ” replied the Indian.

The chief now led him toward the circle. Those who were seated gazed upon him in the usually unmoved manner of an Indian; but when the chief conducted Adam to a seat among the elders, and possibly gave some signal to his tribe to afford so distinguished a visitor a less silent welcome, they unbent in their affected apathy, and simultaneously greeted his arrival by exclaiming :

“ Brother ! ”

This friendly congratulation of the tribe gave additional assurance to Adam that he had, for the present at least, defeated the cunning of his wary associates, and with this feeling he seated himself in the council.

Indian diplomacy is never rapid. There are preliminaries very irksome to an ardent temperament in approaching the subject, but this delay suited Adam, who required time for thought in the fabrication of a treaty. He therefore accepted the pipe of peace with becoming gravity, inhaled its fumes, and arranged his plans; and when he discovered that the business of the conclave was renounced for the more interesting ceremony of the import of his mission, he said :

“ I come to ask the aid of my friendly brothers. ”

“ Our young men tired, ” said the chief ; “ our scalps so many, ”



and he pointed upward toward the shining stars, "and our wigwams no meat."

"The great captain has meat," said Adam; "he will feed your braves, and when you return to your wigwams, you shall have many gifts. The great captain likes his brave brothers, and hopes to see them."

"Great captain good man, great brave," said the subtle chief, "but Indian want meat here."

The chief had advanced in diplomacy in his connection with his more educated allies, and acting upon a policy purely European, he demanded to be subsidized before he quitted the peaceful quiet of his forest-home, and assumed the war-paint for the defense of others.

"My brothers," said Adam, "will listen to me, and then I will bear your wishes to the great captain, and he will do all that his brothers desire."

This generous promise caused much satisfaction, and Adam was explaining to the chief the services that would be required of him in the next campaign, when the chief, perceiving some little impatience in the council, rose abruptly, and exclaimed:

"Me think till morning."

The assemblage immediately dispersed, leaving Adam and the chief the sole occupiers of the ground. The latter led Adam to his wigwam, procured him food, honored him with his society, though with little of his conversation, and eventually strewing a corner of the room with dried grasses and leaves to form a bed, he quitted his guest for the night.

Adam was charmed at the success of his stratagem, and he determined to use every effort to conclude a treaty with these tardy warriors on the following day, that he might then proceed to his inquiries in reference to Isabelle. He was therefore prepared to be unsparing in his adulation of their military valor, and liberal in his promises of reward for their services. With these thoughts chasing each other in his mind, and affected somewhat by the soporific herbs which formed his pillow, he sunk into a slumber from which he did not awake until the morning dawned.

His first object, after rising from his littered corner, was to gaze from the aperture in the room which admitted light and air. Early as it was, he perceived two females standing upon the mound where he had been accosted by the chief on the previous evening. The dew was heavy on the grass, and the air was dense with moisture, but it seemed to be disregarded by the ladies, who were intent in conversation. The curiosity of Adam was aroused, and he watched the maidens until they descended the hillock. They were so concealed with mantles on their heads, to protect them from the damp, that he could not distinguish even their color. The house in which he abode was the first in the village, and this they approached, and he soon heard the gentle murmur of their voices. When near his hut they paused, and one of the females pointed with an Indian finger, saying:



“Him there. Come from great King George chief. Much gold. Want buy Indian braves to fight whites over river. Indian warrior very brave. All want Indian warrior.”

“Yes,” replied a sweet voice which made the heart of Adam leap with joy, “he wants your braves to fight against my people. He is one of those who burnt my home and village.”

“Then you bad to great King George,” replied the Indian, with malicious vehemence. “Him very rich, and love Indian. You kill him brave—him burn your house—right.”

“But where does this stranger rest?” said the other female, looking incredulously at the open window, as if she thought it could not be there. “Although my country’s foe, he will not deny aid to one of her poor daughters in distress. I will endeavor to awaken a solicitude in his heart, that I can not in one of your race.”

“Wait till young chief come, Bell,” said the Indian.

“When does he return?” demanded the other.

“He come another sun; bring many scalps,” replied the Indian girl.

The Indian girl uttered this with an exultation that made her companion shudder. To the one no trophy was more indicative of the prowess of the warrior, nor more acceptable to the girl of his heart, than these barbarous evidences of his mercilessness. But to the other, who had been educated under different influences, they were only exhibitive of a brutal nature. The Indian girl returned to the mound, as if in search for something she had lost, and her companion, standing beneath the orifice which gave light to Adam’s room, exclaimed, in a voice scarcely above a whisper:

“Stranger.”

“Who speaks?” demanded Adam, greatly agitated.

“One who is friendless,” replied the female.

“But why address me?” asked Adam.

“To implore assistance in my despair,” said the female.

“What is your name?” said Adam, still remaining unseen.

“And how came you here?”

“A name unknown to you,” said the female. “Isabelle, a poor prisoner, a stolen girl, whose village having been burnt by your remorseless soldiery, afforded an opportunity for these savages to seize me and convey me here, and I am now doomed to wed one of their absent chiefs.”

The last words were of magic force, and Adam was about to declare himself, and exhibit his face at the window, when he feared that a disclosure so sudden and abrupt might be injurious in its consequences, although the joy he felt at again meeting Isabelle scarcely allowed him sufficient calmness to maintain the concealment, but he again said in a feigned tone of voice:

“I pity your position, maiden, and be assured that I will assist you to the utmost of my power.”

“Thank you, thank you, valiant enemy or gallant friend,” ex-



claimed Isabelle, with deep feeling. "If your king had subjects like yourself, he would have no enemies upon our bleeding soil."

"But I have a revelation to make," said Adam. "Dare you listen?"

"Surely, noble stranger," said Isabelle, "you will not reduce the ~~armor~~ of my joy to painful doubt?"

"I wish but to inspire confidence and to increase your hope," said Adam.

"Your pardon, generous foe," said Isabelle; "my thoughts shall not again do you an injustice."

"Isabelle," said Adam, no longer disguising his voice, "I am not the stranger you conceive. I have assumed a character in search of you. Does this reveal my name?"

"Can it be Adam Morton?" gasped Isabelle, almost overcome with the gratefulness of this knowledge.

"It is," replied Adam, as he appeared at the window.

"Then I am saved," exclaimed Isabelle.

Isabelle could not repress a violent scream, and she would have fallen, had not the Indian girl that instant returned and caught her reeling form in her arms, and, with an activity and strength that could not be inferred from her appearance, so quickly conveyed her to her hut, that when Adam appeared outside, which seemed to him but an instant, nothing was to be seen. The cry, though loud and piercing, had excited no sensation among those unimpassionate people, and neither the curiosity nor the feeling of the women had induced them to appear at either door or window to inquire into the cause of that shrill voice of agony uttered by one of their own sex.

Adam stood wondering at the almost magic agency by which Isabelle had so quickly become invisible, when the chief approached, and looked somewhat inquiringly into the face of Adam, who immediately commenced an explanation, concluding with an expression of astonishment that a girl of English birth should be a sojourner in the village. The chief was abashed at this observation, and made some attempt to withdraw Adam's attention from the subject; but perceiving his resolution to obtain some response, he endeavored to appease his curiosity by remarking:

"White woman; yes, but enemy of great captain—hate great captain."

"But, my brother," said Adam, gravely, "the braves of the great captain are never the enemies of women. They war not with the daughters, but with the sons of the white people on the other side of the river. They ever defend women; according to their maxim the maiden in my brother's settlement is their sister, although they war with her brother."

This logic was incomprehensible to the chief. How it was possible to impale the brother and extend so much tenderness to the sister of the same family he could not imagine, although he seemed to think deeply on the subject; but he had found many things reconcilable to



English notions in warfare that were wholly at variance with his, and therefore he added this anomalous doctrine to the many strange feelings he had seen indulged by his powerful ally. Still perceiving that a feeling of sympathy had entered the heart of his guest in favor of the white maiden, he warily remarked :

“ We very careful of white maiden. Young chief love her.”

Adam could not conceal his disgust, and quickly demanded of the chief in a tone less conciliatory than his former studied softness :

“ Why does not the young chief wed with one of your own maidens, who know better how to esteem his valor than the white maiden, who is more attached to her own people than those of the stranger? ”

“ Young chief love long time—must have white maiden,” replied the chief, as if this decision required no other confirmation than the willfulness of the warrior.

The chief, however, craftily ended the discourse by announcing that the morning meal awaited them. Adam saw the artifice, and, although he was compelled to yield, he was too shrewd an ambassador not to determine to renew the subject at the earliest period. He attended his host, but his appetite had fled. The danger of Isabelle occupied his mind, and he sickened at the meats upon the board.

After breakfast the chief conducted Adam into the woods, and there a long conversation ensued between them in relation to the import of Adam's mission. Adam warmed the heart of his host by his boundless promises to the chief in reward for his military services in the next campaign. The chief was subsidized, in words, with a liberality equal to his avarice—in gold, provisions, articles of dress, and in strong waters; and, with evident gladness in his heart, he concluded a verbal treaty with Adam, contingent upon the approval of one of their most valiant though youthful chiefs who was expected to return that night, and who, Adam ascertained, was no other than the rival of himself for the hand of Isabelle.

The co operation of the chief being thus far attained—in reference to which Adam affected an anxiety and deep interest which increased the pride of the tribe—Adam intimated that he should leave the village on the following morning on other missions, and requested that he might be permitted an interview with the white maiden in the course of the day. The chief was not prepared for this desire, and deeply lamented the untoward incident that disclosed to his guest that a white maiden dwelt within the Indian huts; but he thought that to deny so moderate a demand might endanger the stability of the goodly bargain that he had that day made, and he therefore acceded to his wishes, though in a most graceless manner, and a few hours afterward Adam was permitted to enter the apartment of Isabelle.

They advanced and grasped each other's hands. It was a moment of joy and agony—joy that they had met, and agony at their perilous position, and the feelings of their hearts could be seen in their glassy eyes and their unquiet breasts. At length Isabelle conquered this spell of dumbness, and exclaimed :



“Oh, Adam, my feelings forbid my utterance!” then slightly receding, as she surveyed his dress, she continued, “but that uniform, Adam? You can not have abandoned the cause for which my father and brothers bleed?”

“No, no, Isabelle,” replied Adam, “I am only false in impersonation not in heart. I assumed this uniform, found in the canoe in which I crossed the St. Lawrence, as the only means by which I could enter this settlement with any degree of safety.”

“Oh, you know not, Adam,” said Isabelle, “how vigilant and suspicious are these cunning Indians. Remain not an hour longer than you can withdraw in peace, for, were you to be detected, you would be tortured in the most barbarous manner conceivable to fiends.”

“I leave to-night,” said Adam.

Isabelle clasped her hands in agony, and cast her beauteous eyes up to the heavens to see if mercy sat upon its fleecy clouds. Adam saw her imploring look and her excessive agitation, and continued:

“But, Isabelle, I will not quit this dangerous tribe and leave you a prey to their remorselessness. Be my companion in the flight, and Adam Morton, the friend of your father and your brothers, will deliver you from this terrible bondage or die.”

“What power—what means can your single arm have against these watchful and sleepless enemies?” asked Isabelle, with despondency in her countenance.

“The power of stratagem, Isabelle,” replied Adam—“the hope of a midnight flight. Tell me, Isabelle, will you accompany me? For I already see the jealous chief by the window, impatient that I should quit you.”

“Adam,” said Isabelle, with a look that gave Adam courage in all his after troubles, “I will place myself under your guidance, and may we both be saved from the fury of these people.”

Adam seized her hand, pressed it to his lips, and exclaimed:

“Then to-night shall be that of our escape. Be ready at any hour. Be firm, be cautious, and I doubt not that we shall be successful.”

“Brother,” said the chief, when Adam had rejoined him, while he displayed much anxiety in his manner, “what say white maiden?”

“That the young chief, who is her suitor, will return to-night,” replied Adam.

The response was so rapid, and, apparently, so truthful, that the chief was quite disarmed of any previous suspicion that he might have entertained as to the subject of the conversation, and smiled as he observed:

“White maiden—like an angel—”



## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE SABLE LOVER.\*

It was not wantonness that led to the abduction of Isabelle. The unsettled state of the country at this period caused it to be traversed by scouts, spies, skinners, and other idle, designing and abandoned characters, and frequently by small parties of Indians, who are as unscrupulous in their liberties with the property of others as the worthless wanderers whom we have just enumerated. It was in one of these marauding excursions that a young Indian chief had seen and admired Isabelle. He was revered by his tribe for his dauntless courage and his great sagacity both in war and council, and his name alone was a terror to other tribes and a safeguard to his own. But, although furious in the field, he had a heart well suited to the softer pastimes of civil life, and often descended to a playfulness and humor which were wondered at in him, and would have been severely censured by the elders of his tribe if indulged in by any warrior less mighty than himself.

This young chief had revisited Esopus on several occasions to gaze upon this artless and beautiful maiden, the unconscious goddess of his heart, and had returned refreshed and satisfied with this Platonic indulgence of his ardent passion. Accompanied by a few companions, he had taken this route homeward on his return from Burgoyne's army, with no other thought than to feed his eyes with the beauty of the white maiden; but when he arrived, he found that another detachment of his allies, the English—to whom he did not disclose himself—had applied the firebrand to the whole village. He saw the desolation and confusion—he saw, too, the contention of Marcus and Adam in the garden, and the determined conduct of Isabelle in their separation, and it did not escape his jealous eye that a rivalry in love for Isabelle contributed a ferocity to the ardor with which the soldiers fought. Fire came into the young chief's eyes as he gazed from the boundaries of the forest upon the incidents at the foot of the hill on which he stood. The temptation to seize on Isabelle and bear her from these combatants to his own home, crossed his mind. He followed its impulse, and rushing toward the house, he entered at the rear, and encountered Isabelle just as she had returned from the front where Marcus and Adam had been fighting. The chief with his powerful arm encircled her waist. She uttered a scream and fainted, and he retreated to the woods. One of his followers, with a characteristic



proneness to mischief and destruction, fired the house, and wantonly consigned it to the ruin to which the hamlet was devoted, and which increased the confusion and covered more effectually the retreat of the Indians, although, as afterward transpired, they were not unseen.

While the village was burning, the incendiaries escaping, and the frenzied Adam was searching every niche of the Highlands in the hope of discovering the abductor of Isabelle, the unsuspected delinquent passed the Hudson unobstructedly in the darkness of the night, and it was not until the cool air of the river fanned the fair face of Isabelle that she returned to consciousness. She soon became alarmed when she perceived the dark forms of her captors, and in the wildness of despair implored that she might be reconducted to her home. The tall figure of the chief was soon beside her. He placed his hand upon his heart and pointed toward heaven, as if he were invoking the Great Spirit to witness his sincerity and faith. A groan escaped Isabelle as the feelings of horror entered into her heart, and she again sunk into insensibility. With great dexterity, however, the Indians formed a species of palanquin with the branches and leaves of trees, and, stretched upon this, she was borne rapidly through the woods, as if upon a bier to her grave. During her progress she recovered her consciousness; but she awoke to such agonies and to such prostration that insensibility was the only state she coveted.

At length they reached the village of the tribe, and Isabelle was consigned chiefly to the care of an Indian girl, whose kindness and unceasing devotion began to make an impression upon her sensibilities. But, although she was grateful to this simple Indian maiden for the attention she bestowed, the mental comfort which she was no doubt instructed to administer only increased the anguish of her soul. Sorrow was deep in her heart, and to all the exhortations of her attendant she responded that nothing would relieve her torture but liberty or death.

The Indian girl expressed great astonishment that Isabelle should not esteem the distinguished honor of the love of the young chief, whose dauntless bravery and wisdom her tireless tongue was ever lauding, and with an ardency, too, that taught Isabelle to think that the poor girl spoke from other inducements than her wish to attract a stranger to his heart. "Why you not love young chief?" the girl asked, one day. "He handsome—he great chief—very great—wise in every thing. He bring home much scalps—much fine things. He make wigwam very happy."

"Urge me no more, my sister," said Isabelle—"the association is repugnant to my feelings. To me his person has no beauty, nor his valor excellence. Those scalps, which you greet with such enthusiasm, are to me the trophies of barbarism, and the fine things which you think would confer happiness on his wigwam, would seem to me but the plunder of the slain. Why does not this young chief wed with a daughter of his tribe and color, who can appreciate his



qualities? Why does he steal from her home a maid whose habits, feelings and predilections are so irreconcilable to his own? Why, my sister, does he not see those perfections in you as a woman that you so admire in him as a man, and grace his wigwam with you instead of me?"

The poor girl hung down her head, and a tear fell from her eye. Isabelle read a secret history from the emotion exemplified by this patient sufferer. It was the evidence of deep affection in a heart that had been pleading a cause destructive to its own happiness.

"You are the daughter of a chief," continued Isabelle, "almost as famous as himself, and a far more fit companion for this young chief than I. Your tastes and prepossessions are those of the women of his race, and where I should abhor him you can admire."

The Indian girl smiled as Isabelle thus argued that she was more worthy of the young chief's love than herself; but she quickly repressed that sign of pleasure, and remarked:

"What, you no like scalps? You not brave's daughter."

"Indeed, I am a warrior's daughter!" exclaimed Isabelle, with pride; "and a warrior's sister, too, and I like to hear of their glorious achievements; but we maim not the body of our victim—we give him honorable burial where he falls. If our soldiers were to act otherwise, they would be thought unfit for honorable warfare."

But further colloquy upon this subject was disturbed by the entrance of the young chief. Although Isabelle had been in the village two or three weeks, he had not before presented himself, but intrusted the pleading of his cause entirely to others. There was a delicacy in his forbearance; but Isabelle only thought of the violence of his theft. Fierce as he was in war, and fearlessly as he ever spoke in the council among the chiefs, his elders, he was awed before the loveliness of Isabelle, and, approaching her timidly, he said:

"Young chief leave village this night."

Isabelle, who had assumed a stern aspect, smiled at the welcome intelligence; and the Indian girl glided silently from the room.

"Sister no sorry?" suggested the chief, as he surveyed the face of Isabelle.

"Why should I grieve?" demanded Isabelle. "One sorrow only fills my heart, and that you have caused me."

"Sister happy with young chief," said the chief.

"Never!" responded Isabelle, with an expression of indignation.

The firmness of that voice, and the absolute manner in which the word was pronounced, disturbed the tranquil nature of the hearer. He gazed upon the flushed countenance of Isabelle, and then, in an impassioned manner, exclaimed:

"Sister dear to young chief heart! Young chief know her long—seen her much. Young chief look at white sister when no one see—he sigh—he go home. Chiefs want young chief to fight. Can not fight without sister love. No tell chiefs that or they angry with white sister."



There was a gallantry in the conduct of the chief worthy of admiration; but Isabelle felt only as a prisoner who had been unjustly dragged from her home, and was now compelled to listen to the repulsive pleadings of a forest savage. She therefore indignantly replied :

“ If you desire a companion in your hut, seek one from the maidens of the village who are of your own color, and who love you.”

Heart only say white maiden,” said the young chief.

The Indian girl who has just left me is worthy of your choice,” said Isabelle,

“ She sweet maid,” said the chief.

“ She is one of your tribe, and the daughter of a chief,” continued Isabelle.

“ White maiden love Indian girl? ” asked the young chief.

“ Yes,” responded Isabelle.

“ White maiden love young chief if take Indian girl to him wigwam? ” demanded the young chief.

“ I think I should then esteem you both,” replied Isabelle, with such smiles of happiness upon her countenance as had not dwelt there since her sojourn in this dismal village.

The young chief was delighted. He thought that he now heard all his hopes confirmed, and that it was only necessary for him to concede his affection to the Indian girl as well as to Isabelle to be beloved by both. The condition, as understood by him, was by no means uncongenial to his nature. The amplitude of his heart was equal to this double love, and to gain the one he willingly admitted the contingency of the other.

At this juncture of the young chief's happiness the dulcet Indian syllable, “ Ugh ! ” met his ear, which signified that his companion braves were ready for the march. The call of duty is imperative in an Indian, and the summoned warrior, gallantly kissing his hand to the favored Isabelle, resumed his dignity of demeanor, and placed himself at the head of his little host, who, in a single file, soon disappeared in the shadows of the forest.

It was not until the young chief had left her that Isabelle began to revolve in her mind all that had passed, and the cause of that sudden satisfaction expressed by her dark admirer when she suggested the Indian girl as a more befitting bride for him than herself; then a fearful suspicion arose that the young chief had misconstrued her words—that he had accepted them as an enticement to a double marriage—an act of bigamy. In affright and horror she made an effort to follow the misguided chief and correct his inference; but she found that he had passed from her view, and she knew that to attempt to impede these savages on a war-path would be fatal to the intruder.

While these agonies tore her heart, as she stood at the hut door gazing toward the wood, the Indian girl appeared, and to her she communicated her grief. Pleasure sparkled in her dark and expres-



sive eye as she contemplated the delight of sharing the bridal honors with the white maiden; but her feelings of hilarity were quickly banished when Isabelle declared that such suggestions were insulting to the delicacy of woman.

“Sister want young chief all herself?” asked the Indian girl, with a desponding countenance.

“Foolish girl!” exclaimed Isabelle, with an expression of abhorrence upon her crimsoned face, “I want to be delivered from the young chief, from this village, and from the oppression from which I am now suffering.”

But this avowal did not soothe the fears of the Indian maiden. She loved the towering chief, so mighty in his tribe, so great in war and council, yet so kind and gentle in times of peace, and she now apprehended that if Isabelle violated the one half the compact and refused the chief, that he might not regard the other moiety as binding, and decline its consummation. Isabelle saw that there was torture in the poor girl’s mind, and she thought the moment favorable to impress her with the advantage to be rid of such a rival as herself. She therefore said :

“Why am I here between the love of my sister and the young chief? Let my sister assist me to escape, and then she will have no one to trouble the heart of the young chief. He will love my sister. Why should I not begone?”

For a moment there was a feeling of hesitation in the girl addressed, and her beautiful eyes expressed toward Isabelle a tribute of gratitude. But loftier feelings than those of self-indulgence seemed immediately to govern her, and though her own happiness might tutor the retreat of Isabelle, she could not betray the trust reposed in her.

“Sister unhappy,” she replied—“both unhappy; but if Indian girl heart break she true to tribe and to young chief.”

With this expression of fidelity the poor girl retired, and Isabelle mourned her forlorn and helpless condition in tears of sorrow.

Isabelle made no further mention of escape. She assumed a contentment and happiness she did not feel, that she might the more successfully disarm her subtle custodians of their suspicions. She was allowed unbridled liberty, but she soon found that it was the freedom of the cage, and that watchful eyes were ever on her track; but this did not prevent the severity of her perambulations, although it made her prudent in conducting them, for she never ventured to any distance unaccompanied, and even displayed an anxiety to enlist as many of the maidens as could be induced to join her. By this policy she gained the confidence of the tribe, who did not imagine that their fair prisoner was training herself to an endurance that might enable her to abandon their filial care the instant she heard of the approach of the absent warrior.

One evening, as Isabelle was sitting alone in her hut, thinking that her energies would be soon tested, as the return of the young chief was expected, the Indian girl hastily entered and exclaimed



“ White man come ! ”

“ Who ? ” inquired Isabelle, as her heart became painfully agitated.

“ White brave,” replied the Indian girl.

“ Where is he ? Where does he come from ? ” exclaimed Isabelle.

“ Come from great captain—friend of Indian,” replied the girl. “ Want Indian fight for him—young chief not home.”

The hopes of Isabelle abated as she learned that the visitor came from the English camp; but she would not permit herself to think that one of her own color, feelings, and religion, would sanction her detention by these barbarous people as their prisoner. To him she determined to appeal, and for this purpose she induced the Indian to attend her the following morning on an early ramble. But when Isabelle ascertained that this officer was one whom she well knew—her own good and faithful friend—her countryman—a true son of independence, and the patriot brother of her race, she knew that he had introduced himself among these unfriendly Indians at the hazard of his life, and in her apprehension of the danger to which he was exposed, a scream escaped her, and she sunk helplessly into the arms of the Indian girl, who was ignorant of the cause of this sudden and unusual indisposition.

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## CHAPTER IX.

### A NIGHT OF INCIDENTS.

IN the middle of the night, when darkness and quietness pervaded the village of the Indians, when all were enwrapped in slumber, Adam Morton, who had awaited this solemn period, that he might be the more secure from detection, stole from the hut assigned to him as an illustrious visitor, and approached the building which he knew to be inhabited by Isabelle. Well knowing the cunning, suspicious and watchful character of his entertainers, he was most careful to examine the position in the course of the day, and to place, as if by accident, a large stone opposite the window of the room occupied by Isabelle. For this guide-stone he now searched in vain, and he almost feared that the jealous *espionage* of this artful people had caused them to observe and put a doubtful construction upon so simple a circumstance as a misplaced stone. It was too dark to perceive anything. The heavens were blackly clouded—not a star shone forth, and the earth was enveloped in a mantle of deep and impenetrable obscurity. The removal of this beacon would have been fatal to his intention, had he not remembered that the hut of Isabelle was the seventh from his own. He must speak with Isabelle, and, to accom-



plish this, he had to return to his own room, and to advance thence until he reached the seventh. This effected, again he sought the stone, but it was evidently gone; and, with the perspiration streaming from his forehead, despite the severity of the wind, he slightly scratched upon the bearded window, sufficiently, he thought, to arouse the hopes of a mind tortured with anxieties. He paused; then, hearing no response, he repeated the almost soundless signal, that the inmate might not attribute this slight noise to accident. Life was in the room—he heard a movement; some one advanced toward the closed shutter, and, in a voice scarcely louder than the sign that Adam gave, yet with melody in the whisper exclaimed:

“Who is there?”

“Adam Morton,” was the reply.

“Ah, I recognize the voice of my daring friend,” said Isabelle.

“I am prepared, good Adam.”

“One word, Isabelle,” said Adam; “did you observe a small stone near your window?”

“I did not, Adam,” replied Isabelle; “but the Indian girl trod upon one there and cast it away. Was there any hidden meaning in so insignificant an object?”

“It only marked your dwelling,” said Adam, his feelings much relieved, “which I have found by other means.”

“Is all prepared for our departure?” asked Isabelle.

“I come to postpone it until to-morrow night,” replied Adam.

“Oh, torture unendurable,” exclaimed Isabelle. “Why, Adam, this delay? Why is not this darkness, this slumbering hour, and this night propitious to our flight?”

“All you enumerate are favorable to escape, Isabelle,” said Adam; “but there is an obstacle that we may not surmount. To-night the return of a chief is anticipated, and I fear that if we should encounter him in the forest, our chance of liberty would be gone.”

“Is the young chief so near his return?” gasped Isabelle. “Oh, you know not what daggers you have planted in my heart. He seeks my hand, and conceives, upon the authority of some words which he too hastily misconstrued, that he has my pledge of faith. It was this young chief—somewhat less barbarous than those of his race—who stole me from my home when the village was in flames; and, to avoid seeing him again, and listen to the persecution of his love, I have trained myself to run and walk, and endure fatigue with a discipline as severe as man ever practised who sought honor in the Olympic games of ancient Greece; and now that I thought deliverance had come, I find but a vision.”

Adam was alarmed at the despondency exhibited by Isabelle. Her wailings and sorrow went to his heart; but he dared not consent to leave that night, for he thought the danger to her would be too great.

“Isabelle,” he whispered, through the interstices of the shutter,



“look back into your heart; remember the courage of your valiant race; recall to your memory their noble deeds, and then I am sure their heroism will be sustained in their daughter.”

“Adam,” said Isabelle, “I stand rebuked; but I had fed so many hours upon the dainty fare of hope, that I sickened at the change of diet. But when may I expect redemption from this bondage?”

“To-morrow, Isabelle,” said Adam; “as early to-morrow night as sleep seals the eyes of our enemies, be you prepared. Let us take as much food as we can conceal without suspicion, for the forest affords little but water, and the journey is a fearful one—far too severe for one so delicate as you. But farewell, Isabelle, until to-morrow.”

“Farewell, farewell, Adam,” said Isabelle; “fear me not as a traveler.

Adam retreated to his hut, and well that he did; for not a minute after he heard stealthy footsteps pass his door. They paused at his window, but he remained profoundly quiet; scarcely a breath escaped him. The footsteps, however, passed on. He dared not remove the shutter, which was closed, nor open the door, which might prove noisy; so, divesting himself of his coat, he stood ready to exhibit himself in midnight *dishabille* should occasion require it. Soon the same almost noiseless steps returned, again paused, and, hearing no sound, in a subdued voice exclaimed:

“Brother!”

Adam leaped from the bed on which he had seated himself, and purposely made some little noise, and then responded:

“Friend, I come!”

He then raised his rifle, unfastened the door, and in another instant was in the air beside the Indian chief.

There was no distinction in feature visible, so profound was the obscurity; but each recognized the voice of the other. The Indian, accustomed as he was to rapid military tactics, was more astonished than he chose in his stoic nature to confess, when he perceived the stranger equipped ready for the field almost as soon as the gentle summons had left his mouth. The chief approached Adam, laid his hand upon his shoulder as if to enjoy the pleasure of a closer contact, and said:

“Brother never sleep—good brave—great man.”

“What causes my brother to be out to-night?” inquired Adam.

“Heard noise—heard footsteps,” said the chief; “young man sleep—squaw sleep—chief never sleep.”

“It must have been some animal that passed near the huts,” suggested Adam.

“Two feet,” said the chief; “animal four.”

This perspicuous notation of the chief startled Adam, and it was well that the darkness of the night concealed the guiltiness of his countenance, or this astute student in appearances might have gained intelligence there. But Adam felt the necessity of continuing the discourse, and said:



“What footsteps does my brother imagine them to be?”

The chief did not immediately respond; he removed his hand from the shoulder of Adam, and, after some further hesitation, as if he were either unwilling to speak, or preparing to charge Adam with the delinquency, he placed his mouth close to Adam's ear, and whispered:

“Brother's spirit.”

“What means my brother?” exclaimed Adam in astonishment. “My spirit could not quit me while I slumbered. Could the spirit of my brother leave his heart?”

“Hope not,” said the chief, in a fearful, solemn voice.

Adam soon found that the chief wished to convey to him his conviction that the steps proceeded from the unearthly portion of himself which had been truant from the body to which it rightfully belonged, and that he—the imaginative and superstitious chief—by his truth of ear, had detected this arch idler in its rambles. No argument of Adam could remove this impression from the Indian's mind, and he separated from his host well satisfied that he so opportunely attributed the aggression to the ideal instead of the material body.

When morning came, and the chief and Adam again met, the former regarded his guest with considerable awe. The pleasing and friendly intercourse which had distinguished their association no longer existed. The young chief had not arrived, but the chief did not render him the information, nor did he press his “brother” to walk in the forest, where it was his wont to talk over the pleasing theme of the coming campaign, and of the bounty to his tribe. A solemn thoughtfulness occupied his brow, and, though he feared to refer to the transactions of the previous night, he could not conceal the manner in which it influenced him. He was so deeply impressed at the recollection of the ghostly character of the midnight visitant, that he dared not to associate with one who seemed to possess a shadow as active as the substance. Adam was annoyed that the creative fancy of the foolish chief should be so stubbornly rooted, for he knew not the degree of *surveillance* to which it might subject him. It might end in the detection of his contemplated escape with Isabelle. He now resolved to address himself to the chief, and to explain to him, that, as the young chief had not yet reached the village, he should be compelled to leave without the pleasure of the anticipated interview, and to appoint the approaching day for his departure. He intended to make no allusion to Isabelle, so that the subject of his affected mission might be supposed to occupy his entire attention. As Adam saw the tall form of the Indian emerging from the forest, he advanced toward him, and, without appearing to observe his evident disinclination for conversation, said:

“Brother, the wigwam of the young chief is still empty.”

“Young chief no come,” said the chief.

“My brother knows how imperative are the orders of a chief,” said Adam. “The great captain desired me to stay no longer in any village than I have sojourned here. I must leave.”



The thoughts of the worthy chief seemed to quit the visionary paths they had been traveling, and to be recalled to the advantages of the treaty when Adam thus declared his intention to depart.

“Brother no go,” said the chief. “Will see young chief.”

“Will the young chief be here before another sun?” asked Adam.

“Two sun,” was the laconic response of the chief.

“I can not remain two suns,” said Adam.

The poor chief was really puzzled what to do. His guest had become fearful, and while he heard him announce with pleasure his determination to delay his journey no longer, he could not withdraw his longing from the gilded features of a compact, which, if ratified, would secure to him an ample harvest. Adam saw the chief's face brighten as he gazed on the gay uniform, upon the bullion epaulets and dainty trimmings, which formed his only credentials to that court, and thought how many of these would soon be his; but there was an obverse to this flattering side, and that was the adventure of the previous night. Adam perceived, however, the weakness of his nature, and moralized that in sylvan shades as well as in mural dwellings, the stronger passion is centered in that incentive to unrighteousness—gold.

The chief and Adam walked on side by side, the one not disposed to infringe upon the silence of the other; so for a time no more was said, and they entered the same hut, ate at the same board, while each depended on himself for mental pastime

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## CHAPTER X.

### THE FLIGHT.

ADAM MORTON now exerted himself to remove from the mind of the imaginative chief the mischievous impressions that made him so restless, and having succeeded partially, he retired to his apartment with feelings fluttering between hope and fear. He cast himself upon the mats and grass on which he slept, and there silently awaited the hour when he was to make the effort to restore Isabelle to liberty. All things seemed hushed; not a sound broke the silence which was so necessary to his purpose, when, just at the hour of midnight, the period he had appointed to prepare for exodus, he heard steps stealthily approaching his hut. He knew it was the chief, and a cold perspiration settled on his brow and chilled his heart, as he feared that this unquiet and suspicious Indian would cause despair to his beloved Isabelle. The Indian paused at the hut, and finding all si



lent there, he made a strenuous effort to force the door; but the precaution of Adam defeated this breach of etiquette. Soon the watcher removed from the door to the window, but this would not uncloseto such attempts as he ventured to exert. He renewed his vigil at the door, where, standing in noiseless expectation, he could only detect such gentle evidences of the placidness of sleep as Adam in his wakefulness chose to utter. But the jealous sentinel remained. He had come forth in the mystic hour of midnight, that he might exorcise this fearful disturber of his peace, and his ritual had taught the use of no better weapon for his purpose than the rifle. At length, having found nothing to increase the suspicion of his mind, nothing in the air nor in the stranger's room to excite his wonder, he abandoned his bleak post, and while the heart of Adam Morton leaped with joy and gladness, his ear followed the receding steps, heard them enter the chief's hut, and then again all was quietness.

Adam remained another hour, and not a sound having broken upon the silence of the night, he went forth. He approached Isabelle's hut. She was at the window.

"Isabelle," exclaimed Adam, in a whisper so low that his mouth had almost touched her ear, "are you not periling your safety?"

"No, Adam," responded Isabelle. "I have been concealed from the chief, whom I heard retire an hour since, and every thing has been so painfully quiet that I feared you had again delayed the night of our escape."

"There is much hazard, Isabelle," said Adam, "but we will not heed it. The utmost prudence is indispensable. Let not a word be heard. The slightest disturbance would consign us to a prison from which it might be impossible to escape. There is a large tree at some little distance opposite your window. It is invisible in this darkness, but you know it. Let that be our place of rendezvous. Be quick, for we are late; but above all I implore you to be silent."

"I will be there in an instant, Adam," replied Isabelle, "and will obey your directions implicitly."

Isabelle was in the greatest agitation when Adam appeared at her window and whispered solace and liberty in her ear. She had, in the gloominess of her room, impatiently awaited the approach of midnight, and when she judged that hour had come, she heard a step beneath her shutter. She doubted not the object, and in feverish hope she rushed to uncloset it; but she faltered—there had been no signal, and she stood with arms extended toward the latchet until the step passed on, and then despair darkened the features of her hope. It was not the valiant Adam. It was another's footstep, and he was suspected, watched; perhaps detected, killed, for she knew the madness of these people in their rage. She dared not to look out upon the night, as she now knew that enemies were abroad, and she passed an hour of anguish such as has turned the hair of man from black to white. Then she heard that fearful step return—it was the



chief. She heard him enter his hut and close its door. Then another hour ensued; but there was hope in that, painful and flickering, but not devoid of balm. Then Adam came, the light of all this darkness, and pointed to a haven when the ship was almost wrecked. His whispering voice was enchantment to her ear, and no sooner had he again retreated to his hut than Isabelle with a softness that scarcely disturbed the air through which she moved, left the kennel of her sorrows, and was soon beneath the spreading tree, which outstretched its leafy arms as if to succor her.

Adam, who had retired from the window to his hut, reached the tree almost as soon as Isabelle.

“You have moved so lightly, Isabelle,” said Adam, “that I knew not you were here. I trust we have deceived the wary ears of our nocturnal persecutor. The hour of midnight, the fell hour with him, has long passed, and on his dreamy pillow he is sunk into forgetfulness, while you, his fair ward and prisoner, and I, his friend, his guest, and brother, are hastening from the field of his anxieties.”

“But let us not consume a moment,” supplicated Isabelle. “At any whim, or from a vision of the night, he may rise and search our huts, and if we should be pursued and retaken, you know the barbarities these hideous savages are capable of inflicting on their victims.”

Adam saw the justice of this remark, and taking the fair Isabelle by the hand, he silently led her from the village. They were two days’ march from the banks of the St. Lawrence, where was the hidden boat, and Isabelle assured Adam of her perfect ability to continue her journey until that goal was reached. Adam, still clad in the habiliments of the English army, and having a trusty rifle on his arm, hastened forward, supporting Isabelle in those places where the path was difficult. They had been four hours in rapid retreat, when the light of day gradually unfolded, and the bright sun launched his fiery beams into the air. With the day came additional fears, as with it their flight would be detected, and then they knew that they should be pursued with deep malignity. Thus fear fled as rapidly as revenge could follow. For more than twelve hours did the indomitable Isabelle maintain the race, and even then she would not have rested, had not Adam affected an exhaustion unknown to his vigorous frame. He chose, two hours after midday, a pleasant valley, from which the density of the forest excluded the burning sun, and where the crystal waters of a limpid stream rendered to the parched lips a beverage more refreshing than the golden wines of the fabulous Jupiter. There their tortured minds and weary bodies rested, and for a time these sylvan beauties seemed undisturbed by the turbidness of sorrow. Adam’s heart was filled with a love for the fair vision before him, which he had never told, and his noble heart disdained to influence her affection now that she was so peculiarly under his protection; nor was he sure that Isabelle was wholly



indifferent to the handsome English officer, whom he had by implication so deeply wronged. While he thus revolved in his mind these painful doubts and pleasant hopes, trusting that the sweet object of his worship would be lulled into sleep by the peaceful solitude of the spot, forgetting the danger of pursuit, a sweet voice admonished him that there was an eye more watchful than his own. It said, in a soft whisper :

“Adam.”

“Isabelle,” he responded, as he turned, and saw her reclining on the grass.

“I fear there is danger near,” continued Isabelle.

“Good God,” he exclaimed, “impossible;” and he leaped up, looked steadily around, as if his thoughts reverted to the Indian chief.

“I saw an Indian peep from yonder tree,” said Isabelle, pointing with her finger to indicate his hiding-place.

Adam stooped for his rifle, and well he did, for his life was in that movement; a deadly bullet almost grazed his back as he bent toward the earth.

A scream of terror escaped the fair Isabelle, and then a second rifle broke upon the air. It was aimed at the recumbent man, but passed Adam when he was erect, and his life was again miraculously preserved. Isabelle saw the flash, involuntarily closed her eyes, and when they were reopened Adam stood not there. She shuddered like an aspen. She feared that death—that ghastly monster—had struck her guardian, and she dared not look upon the earth. But she struggled against this weakness, rose from the ground on which she sat, and approached the tree where she last saw Adam; she found only his military cap.

Profound silence prevailed, not a sound could be distinguished, and none of the combatants reclaimed their prisoner, though she doubted not that the attacking party was that from whom they had fled. Still her great agony was at the absence of her protector. In search of him she rushed from tree to tree of the mazy forest, calling in piteous wail the name of Adam, and hoping to find him behind the huge trunk of every tree she passed; but he was beyond the sound of her sweet voice or the compass of her eye, and forlorn, wretched, and seemingly abandoned, she sunk exhausted upon the earth in utter desolation.

Adam, who had been aroused from his pleasing reverie by the warning voice of Isabelle, leaped from the ground, and at once saw the glare of hatred from an Indian eye. He stooped for his rifle, and thus escaped his death; he rose to respond, and the second fatal messenger proved faulty. He boldly advanced, perceived one of his assailants reloading, and in an instant shot him through the heart. He recharged his gun, and proceeded cautiously to the body of his victim, which remained untouched, as if no friend were near; Adam was well aware that this was not his only enemy, and while he was



hesitating what next to do, he saw a dark human form receding from tree to tree. Adam bounded forward, but the nimble foe pursued such a devious course, and whirled with such rapidity among the trees and brushwood of the forest, that Adam, who now felt assured that his only confederate was dead, gave up the chase, and returned to Isabelle, whom he found weeping beneath the tree where she had fallen.

Adam related the cause of his short absence, and regretted that it had produced anxiety to her, and then their attention was turned to the necessity of further progress. Adam perceived that the slain Indian was of the tribe they had just quitted, and that now the incentive of revenge would be added to the hope of recapture. The escaped Indian would urge on the pursuers, and nothing but their utmost efforts could produce success against such crafty enemies. Isabelle was refreshed, hope gave her courage, and excitement aided her in strength, and supported by the help of Adam, she went on with great rapidity. At length they heard the roar of distant waters; it was the stream of life to Isabelle, and gave fresh vigor to her sinking frame, and Adam's heart shared in the triumph as he led Isabelle toward the haven where he had so ingeniously hidden the stolen boat.

It was early morning, and these fugitives had journeyed incessantly since they left the village, and yet so great was their happiness that they acknowledged no fatigue. Adam soon attempted to withdraw the boat from its seclusion; but it would not move. It seemed chained to the spot, although so light to handle that he had not employed one half his strength to place it there. Its stern was deeper in the branches than its bow, and the impediment seemed in the former portion. Thither he forced his way that he might at once release the little bark, and launch Isabelle and himself upon the waters of safety. With difficulty he reached the point, placed his shoulder to the stern of the canoe, to force it through all obstructions, when his feet slipped from under him; he fell to the earth, and soon found that he was in the iron grasp of the inveterate redskins. In an instant he was tied and rendered helpless—defeated in the hour of victory.

When Adam was thus securely shackled, he was dragged from the ambush of his enemies by a party of exulting Indians. The voice of lamentation already reached his ears. It flowed from the baffled and desponding Isabelle. Her hopes were wrecked, her anguish had returned, and she suffered a torture that cannot be described. Beside her stood an Indian chief of noble stature, handsome features, and expressive and intelligent countenance. He regarded Isabelle with great emotion, and seemed to await the period when the more acute ebullitions of her sorrow might allow him to address her. Adam, prostrate on the ground, whence he could not rise, listened to the dialogue that soon commenced, and then became aware that this was the redoubted young chief.



“Why sister quit village with enemy?” he asked.

“He is no enemy,” replied Isabelle; “he is one of my own color and a friend.”

“Why wear false clothing? Why enter village as serpent? He come to steal my sister,” said the young chief.

“He is the more a friend,” sobbed Isabelle.

“Can he be friend who try make your brother weak in war?” continued the young chief. “To break the power of him strong arm—to cut from him breast him heart?”

“What mean you by this language?” asked Isabelle in surprise.

“He take from my heart yourself,” replied the young chief. “You my heart—the power of my arm—my guide-star in the war.”

Isabelle moaned in agony.

“My sister grieve?” asked the young chief. “We go back—then sister happy.”

“Noble warrior!” exclaimed Isabelle, throwing herself at his feet—“mighty chief, renowned and beloved by all your tribe, and feared by all your enemies, do an act of justice worthy of your nature and restore me to liberty. You forced me from my home, from my father and brothers, and you brought me among a strange people whose habits and language are not mine. I cannot be happy with them—let me go. You love your tribe. I love my people. Let me dwell among them. And allow my companion, whom you call enemy without a cause, and I call friend, to depart with me.”

“Your 'panion prisoner,” then said the young chief. “Kill brave—must die.”

“Die!” exclaimed Isabelle, with an expression of horror.

“If man kill, man die. You people say so,” interposed the chief.

Isabelle was driven to desperation. She forgot her own misfortunes now that life was in the scale—a life, too, that would be thus ruthlessly sacrificed for her. She saw the form of Adam pinioned and helpless on the ground, and her feelings were aroused to wrathfulness.

“If you dare take that young warrior's life,” she exclaimed, “may the Great Spirit, whom you worship, weaken your arm when next you meet an enemy, and may you then be bound as he is now, and meet the same treatment!”

The young chief was appalled at this boldness in a girl he had ever seen so gentle, and, although he was above many of the prejudices of his tribe, he was not wholly proof against their superstitions. To hear a terrible vengeance invoked upon his head, and destruction on the vigor of his arm, from a source so beautiful and angelic, made him fear that the petition would be heard, and he and his attendant braves stood in mute wonder. But the boldness of Isabelle had not yet reached its culminating point. She stood a few steps in front of the young chief. She threw her light figure forward, seized the scalping-knife from his belt, and, rushing toward Adam, severed the thongs



with which he was so inhumanly trussed, and in another instant he stood erect, an unbound man.

The young chief watched this frantic conduct in Isabelle, although he ascribed it to a different inspiration. He forbade his companion braves, by a motion of his hand, from rebinding Adam, toward whom he perceived them stealthily approaching. When the young chief had partially recovered from his astonishment, he extended his hand to Isabelle for his knife, remarking :

“ Sister wonderful woman—father must be great chief.”

None were uninfluenced by this remarkable display of force and vigor in Isabelle in open defiance of her barbarous foes. But her power ended with this exercise of humanity. The young chief would not release his prisoner. He had slain one of his braves and he must abide the trial of the chiefs—he must return a captive to the village. A sort of rude hand-carriage was prepared for Isabelle, who was wholly unable to walk, and then the cavalcade moved forward, and again were the backs of these unhappy captives turned upon their home.

The Indians whom Adam had encountered in the woods were the two whose boat he had appropriated in crossing the St. Lawrence, when returning to their home. They had, however, sought and found the canoe which they had lost, and had allowed it to remain unmoved, no doubt with some cunning plan of vengeance.

The young chief reached the Indian village on the morning of the escape of Adam and Isabelle, and when their absence was discovered he led the chase, and soon meeting with the Indian who had fled from Adam, gained from him the knowledge of the feigned character of the agent, and led them to the hidden canoe on the banks of the St. Lawrence, which he did not doubt would be their place of rendezvous. They were fatally correct, and the joy of Adam and Isabelle ended in recapture.

The young chief, followed by his band, retraced his steps. Adam marched unfettered, but was closely guarded. Isabelle, jaded and dispirited, reclined on her rough carriage, dreading the doom which awaited Adam. The young chief marched rapidly but thoughtfully, and it was remarked that he exhibited no signs of exultation at the recovery of those whom he had sought. Isabelle and Adam dreaded the consequences of their defeat, and the young chief apparently of his success.

They reached the village. Isabelle was taken to the hut she before occupied, and was received by the Indian girl with great affection; but Adam was conveyed to a room of great strength, whence the only means of egress was by a door leading into an anteroom, well guarded. The room was unlighted, and, in the misery of loneliness, he was left to lament the misfortunes which had rendered him so useless to Isabelle.



## CHAPTER XI.

## THE TRIAL AND THE SENTENCE.

THE darkness of the strong cell to which Adam was confined was not more gloomy than his feelings. He knew the implacability of his enemies, and he prepared himself for the endurance of their most bitter vengeance. But the preservation of Isabelle was the ruling thought of his troubled mind. He knew not how to secure liberty to her. The walls of his prison were framed with solid logs, and afforded no hope of escape. The adjoining room was guarded by several Indians, and he was thus rendered helpless.

He was pacing his narrow room, when the door opened, and a figure, bearing a light and enveloped in a blanket, appeared before him. He closed the door carefully. The blanket unfolded, and disclosed to Adam the young chief. He came to offer liberty to his prisoner if he would depart alone. Adam spurned the condition. The young chief expostulated in his impulsive manner, and represented that the alternative was a painful death. But Adam was firm, and rejected the proffer so passionately that the young chief quitted his presence, exclaiming :

“To-morrow council meet, and prisoner die!”

The agitation of Adam was not lessened by this circumstance. His doom seemed inevitable. He knew his captors thirsted for his blood, and so did the widow of the fallen man, and so did the young chief who had till now displayed a feeling more liberal than the rest. And he, Adam Morton, was content to satisfy all their hideous appetites could he but procure immunity to Isabelle.

The young chief had been unexpectedly baffled, but he was too much of a soldier and diplomatist to yield to the first reverse. He resolved his next visit should be to Isabelle. He entered her hut. He saw that her eyes were red with tears. He pronounced some soothing words, and then referred to the council of the morning.

“Has the young chief power in that council?” were the first words that Isabelle uttered.

“Young chief heard there,” he responded, with evident feelings of pride.

“Then plead the cause of justice and of mercy,” continued Isabelle. “Let my brother be set free.”

“Prisoner kill brave,” interposed the young chief.

“Only in his own defense,” cried Isabelle, “or rather in mine.



If young chief would wish to see me slaughtered, then is my brother guilty in his eye, for he preserved my life by destroying that of the villain whom you call your brave."

The young chief hesitated; then, with a winning voice which he could well assume, he thus addressed Isabelle :

"Young chief love white maiden. Council will say to prisoner, 'Die, by torture and by fire!' None can save prisoner but young chief. Let white maiden say that she will love young chief, if he save prisoner, and young chief will set him free."

Isabelle almost fainted as she listened to these words. She knew not that Adam was so near to death, nor that it would be so terrible. Her heart was torn with conflicting passions—by what she owed to Adam for all that he had ventured for her, and by her unutterable repugnance to the chief. Her face became as colorless and almost as rigid as marble, and even the young chief was alarmed at her ghastly and unnatural appearance, and he rose to summon assistance; but she motioned for him to be reseated, and, placing her bloodless hands upon her livid brow, as if to hold her reason in command, she said :

"I have no time for thought. My brain is on fire, though my heart is as cold as the ice of winter. To-morrow, in the council, use all your eloquence and powerful influence to deliver that worthy man from punishments of which he is undeserving, and set him free. If you succeed, young chief, trust—trust to my gratefulness and honor of feeling, which are sacred to a white maiden—for reward. For, oh, my God, whatever may be the resolution of my frantic brain, I dare not now pronounce the withering promise. Adieu, for I am ill and need repose. But, before you leave, pledge your word that you will defend my brother."

"Young chief do all, and get him free," he replied.

"Farewell," repeated Isabelle; "I am assured."

The young chief passed out, and, as she closed the door to prevent further intrusion, she exclaimed :

"The words, 'Freedom to Adam,' will be these of 'Death to Isabelle,' for I can not say 'Yes,' to that red chief, and live!"

The following morning two men appeared at Adam's prison door and summoned him to come forth. He advanced to the anteroom, where he was detained until his eyes became familiar with the light. Then he was conducted into the area between the huts, in the center of which were the preparations for his sacrifice by fire. The demon jailers cast a triumphant look upon their prisoner as they led him close to the pile; but Adam maintained unshaken firmness, and kept his eyes steadily upon the stack of well-dried wood intended for his speedy immolation.

Adam was desired to enter a low building, and he soon found himself in the council-chamber in the presence of the chiefs. The one to whom he had promised such boundless advantages in the next campaign, presided. He had not visited the prison; but he seemed



less malignant than his brother councilors. The chief then rose to open the case and state the catalogue of crimes of which the prisoner had been guilty, and he discharged this duty with ingenuity and completeness.

The chief then resumed his sitting posture, and immediately a whisper among the braves was commenced in their own language. The young chief was there. His gesticulations were vehement, and he seemed opposed by all but the president, who sat aside, as if he yet felt an awe in the presence of the prisoner. But Adam broke in upon this discussion by a request that he might be permitted to urge a few words in his defence. This clemency was not denied him, and in an instant the faces of these excited men exhibited a wonderful calm.

“I stand alone,” said Adam, “without a friend, and at your mercy, for you are strong, just now, and I am weak. I know your judgment, for I behold it in yon pile of wood, though you afford me the semblance of a trial. You charge me with murder, when you know from the brave who eluded me that two balls missed my heart before I raised my rifle in defense. You charge me, too, with violating the sacred rites of hospitality, when I only, by a wile far less perfidious and more harmless than those you daily practice, attempted to redeem from bondage a daughter of my race, whom you violently forced from her home, to unite, against her wishes, to one of your braves. Your accusation is a mere subterfuge to slay your fellow-man, and your conduct that of demons. Think not that the remembrance of this deed will die with me. My ashes will cry out for revenge. In the dead of night, when your eyes should be sealed in slumber, all shall be wakefulness, alarm and horror, from the moment my restless spirit leaves this body. I will goad young and old alike—the chief, the brave, the squaw and the pappoose—until there be none left, and your memory shall perish. Now do your villainy. Burn me at the stake, for the sooner I meet death the sooner I shall commence my work of vengeance.”

Adam was well aware that it was useless to appeal to such a court as this for mercy, to whom it was unknown; he therefore hoped to work upon their superstition. The president was predisposed to believe him capable of more than mortal efforts, and Adam now saw him sink beneath the threats he heard. A silence ensued, but it was not of great duration, and then again the fatal whisper passed through the room. The powers were not conjunctive. The president and the young chief were for mercy—the rest of the council were for fire. It was evident to the perception of Adam—which was sharpened by his hope of life—that neither the eloquence nor the recollection of the past services of their valiant young chief moved this stubborn conclave—they were resolved on death. But Adam was ordered from the room—not immediately to death, but again to prison.

Toward evening the doors of his wooden cage were again opened—his enemies had prevailed and he was to die. As he marched across



the area to the funeral pile, he was assailed by the revilings of the squaws and the hisses of the children. When Adam was chained to the stake, the president and the council came forth, accompanied by the young chief. They formed opposite the prisoner, who seemed communing with himself or some invisible power, for he spoke, though his words were indistinct, and it was feared by those who had heard his threat of vengeance that he was even then making preparations for retribution before it was provoked by punishment. The chief stood and fearfully regarded the intended victim, and he was supported on his right by the dark lover of Isabelle. All the motley assemblage kept their eyes upon the former, as from him the signal to fire the pile would proceed. The prisoner was the only one who seemed to disregard the scene. His attention was still mysteriously occupied, and his eyes intently fixed on something unseen by others. The noise of the squaws and children was subdued, and a gaunt Indian, with a lighted brand, stood ready to obey the slightest signal from the elder chief, when a thrilling scream was heard—a shriek that rent the air, and would have torn their hearts were those of the Indians used to such emotions. It was so shrill, so terrible, that even Adam awakened from his meditations and directed his solemn eye toward the source of sound. It came from the hut that he had known before—just seven from his own—whence a figure rushed he knew to be that of the graceful Isabelle. Her glossy hair descended to her waist and partly concealed the beauty of her shoulders, and her hands were upheld as she advanced in frantic haste toward the fatal pile, which to that moment had been concealed from her. She forced herself through the malignant multitude, and addressed herself to the young chief:

“Is it thus you seek to gain my love? Give liberty to my brother at the stake—unfasten that ignominious chain—save his life, and I will speak a word I could not say before—my hand is yours—this night will I be your wife!”

“Never!” exclaimed Adam, rushing to the limit of his chain; “never, Isabelle! Let me die. Life is naught to me; but what bitterness will it be to you with this dark villain for your master!”

The young chief had listened to this avowal of Isabelle before the assembled host with more astonishment than he dared display in the presence of so many witnesses. He, notwithstanding, determined to make another effort for the life of Adam, and to submit to the hostile chiefs how much of his happiness, his vigor and the valor of his arm depended on the accomplishment of that promise which had been just uttered by the white maiden whose beauty was so dazzling, when the Indian who held the fatal brand, affecting to receive the signal from the elder chief, applied fire to the dried wood and leaves. This did not escape the eye of Isabelle. In an instant she bounded to the side of Adam—she seized his hand—then facing the merciless chiefs, she smiled at their sudden consternation as she stood like a



goddess on the burning pile, determined to die with him who was to be sacrificed to her.

The squaws gazed on the beauteous Isabelle and uttered a cry of horror; the frightful serpent hiss was repeated by the boys, by which they seemed to express both hate and fear, and even the stoic braves were moved to compassion by this awful sight. But the young chief was terrible to behold. His eyes flashed fire, his bosom heaved, his every muscle swelled to its utmost tension, and with his teeth tightly clenched, and expanded nostrils, he stood erect, the living portrait of a modern Hercules. The first effects of his ungovernable rage were directed toward the incendiary who fired the pile, and who, in his iniquity, still fanned the unwilling flame. He reached him in a leap, and, grasping him with his giant power, hurled him far into the collected wood, that he might be the victim of his own crime if others were not saved. Then, selecting a young pine for a club, he dashed the burning wood to the four quarters of the winds, and provided against another possible contingency by leaving but little of the fuel near Adam and Isabelle. When the flame was extinguished, the young chief, blackened by the smoke, still retaining his massive club, resumed his position near his elder, calm and imperturbable, as if the direst rage had not just before boiled in that fearless heart.

The silence was painful—in that large assembly there was not a sound. A crisis had arrived, and all awaited the next scene. It emanated in a sign from the chiefs hostile to Adam's pardon; but it only instructed that the wood should be again gathered round the stake. A slight twitch was perceptible near the mouth of the young chief—he gave no other symptom of disapproval; for, although he had scattered the fagots collected for this drama pretty widely, he had not resisted the edict of the council, for the pile was fired without the signal acknowledged to be necessary, though it might have met the approval of the adverse councilors. The materials were again collected, and Adam and Isabelle yet maintained their places in the center—the former entreating the latter to retire, but without success—when the attention of the braves was attracted to a peculiar sound. It came from the woods, and advanced toward the village, and it was soon perceived to be the measured tread of disciplined troops. Quickly the area was cleared—the women and children flew for safety—the chiefs and braves to arms; the young chief however still rested upon his pine club, as if he had more apprehension of the perfidy of his own tribe in his absence than of the unseen foe; but before the braves had reassembled, an English officer and a dozen men marched into the open space before the huts, uttering merely the laconic military announcement:

“Friends!”

The officer halted his men in a line opposite, but a short distance from the pile, and then advanced alone toward the young chief; but he was astonished when he perceived that the victims arranged for torture were of his own race, and one the most beautiful maiden he



had ever beheld. He concealed his indignation and was about to ask some explanation of these savage preparations, when Isabelle, perceiving that he was an English officer, rushed from the side of Adam, and, placing herself before him, cried :

“ Mercy, mercy, or we perish ! ”

The officer took her hand, attempted to soothe her agitation, and promised her that he would afford her every protection. The chiefs and braves, reassured by the English uniform, came forth unarmed, and a friendly greeting ensued between them and their visitors, when the officer expressed a hope that the hospitality which they proffered him would not be sullied by a punishment so repulsive to his feelings. The chiefs could not deny this courtesy to their guest, and bowed their assent, which relieved the heart of the elder chief from great oppression. Adam Morton was reconducted to his darkened room, and Isabelle to her hut; but the English officer whispered in their ears to cast aside the fear of death, for that he would not leave them to the mercy of these savages, although he should be compelled to proceed with caution. That night the urchins of the village fired the pile, and soon gathered together a throng of men and women, who only lamented that they could not witness the writhing of the victim, as well as the fury of the blaze.

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## CHAPTER XII.

### THE DELIVERANCE FROM THE INDIANS.

THE first attention of the English officer was to the comfortable quarters of his soldiers, which was a matter of no difficulty among a people who were inclined to hospitality. He then retired with the chief, and without referring in any way to the scene he had just witnessed, he at once announced the object of his embassy. His propositions were certainly far less dazzling than those of the unscrupulous Adam, but they had more semblance of authority, and the chiefs in conclave promised him a reply the following morning. He then asked their permission to visit the white prisoner, as he took an interest in all his color, in whatever position he might meet them. No objection was offered, and the officer proceeded at once to the cell of Adam, who candidly explained the manner in which he had imposed upon the tribe for the purpose of setting Isabelle at liberty, and the subsequent disasters which led to his presence at the stake.

“ I commiserate your position,” said the officer; “ but although I have saved you from the flames, I must claim you as a prisoner.



You have grossly, though possibly harmlessly infringed the rules of military discipline. You have been detected within our lines disguised as an English officer, and involving us in a false obligation to our Indian allies. The authorities no doubt will look with becoming lenity upon your object in all this cunning, but I have no alternative. I fear you must prepare to march with me to-morrow. The lady I will most certainly protect. I will not allow her to be detained here against her will."

"My object is accomplished," interposed the grateful Adam. "I am indifferent to the character of the personal responsibility you affix to my efforts to release Isabelle. I have succeeded, and now that she is delivered from the thralldom of these savages, I am happy. My gallant friend, I esteem your service whether I travel with you to life or death."

The officer, admiring the courageous bearing of Adam, quitted him for the hut of Isabelle. He listened to her relation with great attention, and then reassured her of his protection.

"The arrangement of matters," he said, "will require the greatest nicety, for my object is to conciliate, not to exasperate the Indians, and this redoubted warrior, the young chief, may conceive that I intrench sadly on his prerogative in withdrawing from his heart so fair a flower; but I must endeavor to effect it by pacific means, though I know not rightly how so much loveliness can be yielded without a blow."

Isabelle blushed, thanked him for his generosity, and when he had quitted her, she contemplated with happiness the morrow as a day of freedom. The only source of sorrow was Adam's position as a prisoner; but the same noble soldier who promised her deliverance, had also given her hope that the consequence to Adam would not be severe.

The officer, at his meeting with the chiefs the following morning, suggested that the prisoner in their charge would be more properly punished by the English authorities, for having arrogated to himself the power of making a treaty under false representations, by which he might be liable to death. The chiefs deliberated; but they thought that the dignity of the tribe required that the prisoner should be conducted by one of their chiefs in order to see strict justice done. This was conceded, and the young chief was appointed to command the escort.

The next subject was one which the officer thought to submit to the private ear of the young chief. It was in reference to Isabelle. He therefore sought this valiant warrior, walked with him in the forest, spoke of his achievements and the approaching campaign, then gradually receded from this lordly subject to matters of the heart. The officer then mentioned the white maiden, and remarked that the manner in which white suitors won their hearts was to indulge them in all their various caprices, and to display a readiness to grant their every wish whenever it was possible; that Isabelle had expressed a



desire to him to again visit the white settlements; that he had named it to the chiefs; that they had frowned upon it; and that he—the warrior—might depend that that frown would be visited by the white maiden upon him. He also reminded the young chief that he was to be the custodian of the prisoner, and that so sweet a companion as Isabelle had rarely solaced the lonely path of an Indian traveler. The subtlety of the officer won the chief; he assented to her wish, and then there was no one to object. The officer announced his success to the delighted Isabelle, and begged that if the young chief presented himself, she would testify some feelings of thankfulness for this grace, as he might be induced to withdraw his promise at the slightest adverse incident.

It was midday before the arrangements were completed, and although the chief suggested that the departure should be delayed until the morning, and the officer had no directions that inhibited this postponement, he feared that a night's reflection or debate among these oscillating people might overrule all that had been so diligently effected; and so he pleaded obligation to be gone, and the chiefs, knowing well the discipline maintained in the English army, yielded to the solicitude of their friend and brother, and about two o'clock the party entered the shadow of the forest.

Isabelle smiled her sweetest on all around. The English officer, perceiving her fragile form, implored her to be conveyed on some rude structure, which his own men would contrive; but she pleaded her ability to walk, and he reluctantly yielded to her wish. There was beauty in her face, happiness in her heart, and freedom in her step, and she seemed like the goddess of peace controlling the elements of war, so soft was her loveliness, so radiant her joy. The English soldiers marched in front, then followed the fair Isabelle, then a relay of Indians, then Adam Morton, the rear being brought up by another detachment of Indian braves. The English officer marched chiefly at the head of his men, the young chief mostly beside Isabelle.

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## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE ESCAPE.

ADAM MORTON had but little opportunity of addressing Isabelle as they proceeded on their journey. As a prisoner, he could not quit the place assigned him in the rank, and she appeared more desirous of cultivating the approbation of the young chief than of any other. Adam was aware that this marked preference could only be suggested by policy, and he did not long remain ignorant of the motive.



On the second day's march, when they rested for refreshments, Isabelle contrived to convey to him a note, in which was written in pencil the following words :

“ I am alarmed for your safety. I have ascertained that the penalty for your efforts to save me is possible though not certain death. Terrible! horrible! Death for virtue and manly daring, because it is not practiced in a manner acknowledged in the military code, so that you may have escaped the Indian fire to grace an English gibbet. This terror chides the smiles I now assume. The jealousy of the Indians has retained you still their prisoner, and were you to flee, the English officer would not pursue you at much inconvenience. I have been courteous to the young chief, to induce him to connive at your escape, and then to be regardless of your recapture. He will relax his guard on you to-night; avail yourself of the opportunity. I am safe with the English, who will not extend their lenity to you. I owe you my happiness and my life, and you will add another obligation to this weighty debt, by following these directions of

ISABELLE.”

In the bivouac, the English had established themselves about twenty yards from the Indians, and while a small tent was nightly erected for Isabelle among the former, Adam was retained by the latter. A sentinel was placed before the tent, but the young chief instituted no such precaution. He relied upon his own lynx eye and his other exquisite senses to detect an approaching foe. Adam had been allowed to travel unfettered, and was not very closely guarded. That night, however, from which he hoped so much, the Indians seemed more vigilant. The watch fire, too, burned brighter than usual, and its slumbering embers, fanned by the fitful breeze, shed a lurid light upon the sword, which would have been otherwise darkened by the shadow of the trees. It seemed a night unsuited to escape; but Adam, never hopeless, cast himself upon the grass, and, despite the wakefulness of all around him, soon affected audible evidence of repose, and thus hoped to allure others to seek the same refreshment. At midnight the only sound that was not one of slumber was that of the English sentinel, who, in measured steps, paced to and fro in front of the tent of Isabelle. Adam gently raised his head, and as all had succumbed to the solemn hour but that one man who trod the path of duty, he commenced his serpent-like retreat to the cover of the forest. This effected, he placed himself behind a tree, whence he might take one last glance of the tent which protected Isabelle. He did not look in vain. She, too, had been a sleepless watcher of the night. Her bright eye had pierced the darkness, and seen the serpent motion toward the trees. She was a fitter sentinel of the night than the man of war detailed for her protection. Isabelle waved her handkerchief from the tent of Adam, and he, proud of the interest he created in her heart, moved rapidly away.



The morning came, the vigil ended, and the agile Indians leaped from their grassy couch at the first gleam of day. The chief moved to the camp of his English brother, and his braves attempted to revive the smouldering fire to cook their food. Then they bethought themselves of the absent prisoner, and one of the braves, perceiving a figure on the earth beneath a blanket, advanced in anger, and spurned it with his foot; but the pain and indignity were possibly his own; and when he removed the blanket, there was nothing but a block of timber. The outcry became general. The fact was evident. The prisoner had escaped. The consternation reached the English commander. A consultation was held, at which the British officer suggested that the young chief should pursue; but he refused to quit the side of Isabelle, and thus Adam was allowed to escape without an effort at recapture.

The march of the English was directed toward Montreal. The officer had been on a mission to all the Canadian Indians within a given district, making every effort to enlist their good feelings and their co-operation. The tribe of the young chief was the last on his return home, and he arrived there at a most fortunate period for the safety of Adam and Isabelle. After submitting to his commanding officer a report of the duties intrusted to him, he introduced the subject of Adam and Isabelle, gave him a succinct account of that adventure, and presented the latter to his notice, who cheerfully and sincerely promised her protection, and she was at once transferred to the care of the governor's wife.

It then became necessary to have an interview with the young chief, who undertook to afford the most efficient aid in the next campaign. The governor recapitulated to him the advantages he would receive for this warlike assistance, independent of the casualties which never failed to await on victory. The young chief listened with attention and seeming satisfaction. The governor then referred to the escape of Adam Morton from the young chief's custody, and remarked that had he reached Montreal, his presumptuous and even treasonable conduct would have been treated with the utmost severity. He then delicately hinted that when he thought proper to quit Montreal, he had some presents both for himself and the other chiefs, which he hoped would be considered worth their acceptance.

The allusion to departure gave the young chief the opportunity to introduce a subject which he thought forgotten by the governor. He replied that he should remain in Montreal no longer than Isabelle desired, as she was to be his companion on his return. The governor remarked that he did not understand that the lady was anxious to rejoin his tribe, but that she had expressed a wish to be restored to her own people. The young chief pleaded his love, her love, their joint affection, as the cause of her return. The governor smiled; he thought it must be a rare caprice in woman, especially in one so beautiful as Isabelle, to love the gallant redskin in preference to the handsome sons of her own soil; but as it was a matter too delicate



for his diplomacy, he suggested an interview between the young chief and Isabelle as the most likely mode of adjustment.

When the young chief was ushered into the presence of Isabelle, she advanced to meet him, and her smiles and kindness gave courage to the suitor, who abruptly introduced the matter of his thoughts in these words :

“ Young chief feel here,” placing his hand upon his heart; “ white maiden feel here too. When we go home? leave this place? ”

Isabelle could not forbear blushing at this confidence in her feelings, and the conciseness of his questions; but she knew his nature, and replied :

“ Why should a bold and fearless chief like yourself care for a poor and simple maiden so unqualified for your wigwam. You love war as a pastime. To me it is a horror. You bring home your scalps as trophies of your victories, and expect your squaw to exult over them. To me they would ever appear as the reproaches of the victims of your mercilessness. What would your elders say of a squaw who thus hated one of their most cherished customs, and whose habits, thoughts and feelings were as different from theirs as is her color? Why, they would hate the white maiden, and so would all their squaws, and the wigwam of their young chief would soon again be empty, for they would drive her from their village.”

The young chief listened in astonishment. He had erected his warrior greatness upon the number of his scalps, and he hoped that the fame that he was gathering would be handed down to future ages by the tradition of his tribe. But would an inglorious squaw afford brightness to a martial reputation? Yet he loved Isabelle, and he thought he would use another effort to attain her.

“ There great white warriors,” he reasoned; “ there great Indian warriors—both very great—white warrior take no scalp—bury it—Indian warrior take scalp—no bury it—but both kill—what difference? ”

“ The difference is in habit,” replied Isabelle, “ and thus is formed the custom of a nation. It is from this cause that sons, attached to their own peculiar habits, seek wives from the daughters of their own country. If a white warrior were to bring from the wars a portion of each man that he had slain, his wife and people would be horrified; but if you take home that portion called the scalp, your squaw meets you with smiles, and your people with cheers and welcome.”

The young chief, who seemed to comprehend all that Isabelle had urged, and who had weighed well its bearing on his case, exclaimed :

“ White maiden wonderful great—speak great comfort.”

“ Young chief has been kind—very kind,” continued Isabelle. “ and I would help to make him happy. The Indian girl who dwelt with me is worthy of you. She is the daughter of a chief, and reckons your valor by the number of your scalps. Return to your village and leave me with those of my own color, and, be assured, that none



is worthy of so great and valiant a hero as yourself but a daughter of your own tribe."

"Good—good," said the young chief.

"Then will the young chief consent to return without his white sister?" asked Isabelle.

The young chief hesitated—his heart was in the balance. The argument of Isabelle had convinced him that his choice of her was not calculated to lead to the happiness of either; yet his love had rested so long upon that fair flower that he could not retire from its fragrance without a struggle. But he yielded to the wisdom of the maid, and in a sorrowful and pathetic voice he said :

"Young chief go without white maiden. He always love her. If white sister ever want Indian brother, she send young chief that, and young chief leave all war-path for white sister."

As he thus spoke, he drew from his pouch a bullet of his rifle, and inscribing upon it some characters with his knife, he presented it to her as a token which she need but send him to bring him instantly to her side. He then pressed her soft white hand between his, and, bestowing upon her another gaze of love and admiration, he quitted her presence.

He remained no longer in Montreal than was necessary to receive his presents and assemble his followers. In his departure Isabelle forgot the violence of her abduction, and allowed herself to dwell only upon the uniform kindness and forbearance of the young chief toward her. A redoubted warrior of his tribe, he conceived that he conferred great honor on Isabelle in the offer of his hand; but, although he had to encounter the objection of the maid he loved, who was wholly in his power, he never urged his suit with arrogance, but, with a moderation unusual in the ferocity of his people, he endeavored to soothe the agonies of which he was the cause.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE RETURN FROM ESOPUS.

THE British expedition sailed exultingly down the Hudson without the slightest feeling of compunction at the domestic misery which it had inflicted upon the inhabitants of an entire village, who had, in their helplessness, been mere spectators of the prelatory visit.

Marcus Goodheart, having been separated from his antagonist, and warned by Isabelle, rushed from the devouring element, which was rapidly destroying the village of Esopus, to the vessel, where the truth was first told him that his own countrymen had fired the vil-



lage. He thus escaped the fatal resolve of Adam Morton, who, although perhaps the better cragsman, was wholly distanced by the agility of Marcus. The British troops, having secured their rich booty on board their ships, proceeded down the river, and arrived safely in New York.

Sir Henry Clinton thought that he had done all he could—that he had redeemed his treacherous promise to a brother officer; so he daily rode into the country, reviewed his troops, and feasted his officers at his several dwellings, and never until Dame Fortune, by her ever turning wheel, put another phase upon the happiness of matters, and struck dismay into the heart of commander, officers, rank and file; for, as Sir Henry and his staff drank, in their rosy wine, “Success to Burgoyne,” scarcely doubting that he had reached Albany, intelligence arrived that he and his ten thousand men had yielded to General Gates on Saratoga Plains. Sir Henry bit his lips and feared that he had not done enough, and Howe, too, he thought had been far better up the Hudson than across the Delaware. But neither self-reproach nor the reproach of others could lessen the adversity which had occurred, and Sir Henry, vigorous and determined for the moment, resolved to send a messenger to Montreal with most important information. This he dared not to place on paper, nor was there a spy, now that Guy Wanderer had perished, with whom he dared intrust so delicate a mission. He therefore resolved to dispatch an officer, and only deferred the execution of this design until he could select one of sufficient courage and ability for the task.

As Marcus sat one evening in the solitude of his room, brooding over the one engrossing subject of his thoughts, an orderly appeared and respectfully requested his attendance at Sir Henry Clinton’s. He was astonished at this rare distinction, but promised compliance, and was soon in the presence of the commandant. After the courtesies of meeting were exchanged, Sir Henry remarked:

“I have verbal dispatches for Montreal. The late reverses of our arms make communication indispensable. You are aware that such confidence can only be committed to an officer of integrity and courage, and I have selected you.”

Marcus acknowledged the distinguished preference.

“What preparation will you require, sir?” inquired Sir Henry.

“The march is long and has its hardships.”

“Only that of a soldier, Sir Henry,” replied Marcus.

“I understand, sir,” smiled Sir Henry—“an hour’s notice and the line of route.”

“That is all, Sir Henry,” said Marcus; “and the rest shall be effected.”

“Then you will have ample time,” said Sir Henry, “if I name the hour of departure five to-morrow morning; and this arranged, you will now, if you please, receive my dispatches by word of mouth.”

These were soon disclosed, and Marcus found himself the deposit-



or of most important secrets. Sir Henry then bade him farewell, and, as they separated, intimated to Marcus that he never failed to reward both fidelity and diligence.

Marcus was permitted a small guard, which he was allowed to select from his own regiment. He made choice of men whom he knew to be well versed in wood-craft, acquainted with the navigation of the forest, and on whose stability and faith he could rely. All were delighted with the adventure, and Marcus hoped that this active service would divert his mind from the anguish of his almost hopeless love.

As the day dawned, Marcus, with his men, well armed, well clothed and well provisioned, abandoned the tedious tranquility of garrison duty for the thrilling dangers of the forest. It was his resolve to march as rapidly as possible, and as all the men were strong, healthy and enduring, they were not averse to display these powers to their officer.

Two days elapsed without the occurrence of any circumstance of note. The sergeant, an indomitable scout as well as active soldier, knew every sign which that great wilderness of living trees afforded, and each night led the party to a cheerful place of rest; but on the evening of the third, as he approached a mossy bank well suited to the retirement of fatigue, he found that a fire burned there already. He retreated to his officer, who, halting his men, went forward to reconnoiter. He found the party to consist of six Indians, who, anticipating no danger, were all collected round a large fire; and at a short distance was a man, a prisoner, strongly bound and lying on the grass. He was evidently a white man, and Marcus determined to release him, if possible, from his inhuman fetters. The sergeant pronounced the Indians friendly to the English, and, ordering up his men, Marcus headed them and boldly marched into view, and announced himself as a friend, at the same time offering the hand of peace. Restraint was soon cast off, and in a few minutes all were comfortably seated around the fire, the English liberally sharing their provisions with their new comrades. But Marcus could not endure to see the prisoner in torture upon the ground; he therefore requested that he might be unbound. The Indians testified some reluctance, and their chief replied:

“Him enemy.”

“Whose enemy?” asked Marcus.

“Enemy of great white chief,” said the Indian.

“Still, let him be untied,” said Marcus; “he will not be less a prisoner among us all. Surely we can secure him without these painful cords.”

The Indians, too well pleased with the liberality of their allies offered no further impediment, and one of their number advanced and cut the thongs, which were so tightly drawn that it was some time before the prisoner could rise. At the invitation of Marcus he joined the party at the cheerful fire, and was soon in the enjoyment of both the fare provided and his liberty.



As the night advanced, the only light came from the sparkling fire, which, as its blaze rose high in the air, showed distinctly the motley group around it. It was then that the prisoner stepped up to the thoughtful Marcus, and with pleasing and courteous manner, said :

“ I have to thank you, sir, for the last few hours of freedom. But we are not wholly strangers; we have met before.”

“ I did but release you from a position in which you never ought to have been placed,” said Marcus; “ but from the treachery of my memory, I can not recall you as an acquaintance.”

“ Were you not at the destruction of Esopus? ” inquired the prisoner.

“ I was present at the calamitous event,” said Marcus, gravely.

“ I was your antagonist in a duel there,” said the prisoner; “ and your kindness to me to-day is some of the good fruit of our separation in the combat.”

It was Adam Morton, who had, in his retreat, been captured by the Indians with whom Marcus found him, and by whom he had been most barbarously treated. Marcus was deeply affected at this meeting, and remarked that he trusted that the intermission he had been able to procure him, and the liberty he would yet obtain for him, would be accepted as some atonement for the injury perpetrated by his countrymen at Esopus. These feelings established a friendship between them; and while others gradually yielded to the influence of slumber, these rival lovers sat by the joyous fire, and Adam related some of the calamities which had befallen Isabelle, consequent upon the conflagration of that day. When Adam had concluded his narrative, Marcus, after musing a few moments, said :

“ You have passed through much danger and suffering in a good cause; and it was my intention to recommend you to escape while our friends are in repose, but I find that all are not sleeping. There is more watchfulness in the camp than I had thought; and, to leave here without danger of pursuit, will require the concurrence of two others, with one of whom we may have difficulty. During the time we have been conversing, the Indian chief, whose head is somewhat obscured by the shadow of yonder tree created by the flames, has been suspiciously raised toward us, proving that he is yet tenacious of his prisoner; but a little beyond, with his head resting on that bank of moss, lies my sergeant, who, loving his officer, and having little faith in the honor of a redskin, is watching recumbently; and each time the dark chieftain moves his head, the sergeant grasps his rifle.”

Adam now observed a repetition of all that Marcus had previously witnessed, and after a few moments the latter uttered a low, suppressed but peculiar sound. The obedient sergeant sprang upon his feet; so did the agile chief, and both rushed toward Adam and Marcus.

“ Brother,” said Marcus to the chief, in a low whisper, that he



might disturb no others, "your prisoner is my friend; his motive is not evil; he has been to release from bondage a white maiden, and I trust that this present will purchase his liberty."

Marcus proffered a handsome stiletto, with a silver sheath. The chief was well pleased with the exchange, and exclaimed:

"Prisoner friend of captain—prisoner free. Go while braves glean."

"Farewell," said Marcus, grasping Adam's hand; "take freedom the moment it is offered, for another hour may beget another whim. You shall not be followed."

"Farewell, generous stranger," said Adam.

At these words, Adam disappeared; and Marcus, after exchanging a few words with the worthy sergeant, sunk upon the earth as if to sleep; but he could only think of Isabelle, her perils, and the bold and fearless hero who had ventured life and every thing for her.

In the morning, when the Indians awoke, they soon perceived that their prisoner had escaped, and they began to display the greatest rage; but their chief soon calmed their anger, and perhaps they might have traced some connection between the absence of their captive and the dagger which glittered in the belt of their commander. They partook a hasty meal, and, as the Indians were returning to their home in Canada, they consented to be the guides of Marcus to the banks of the St. Lawrence. Thence they soon reached under the able pilotage of those erratic people who, equal to all contingencies, procured a canoe of sufficient dimensions for the whole party to attain the opposite shore. Arrived on the Canadian side, Marcus rewarded his allies amply for the service they had rendered him, and they separated—the Indians to their forest homes, and Marcus to prosecute his mission. Montreal was entered without danger or adventure, and Marcus immediately announced himself to the governor. He was courteously received, and the important nature of his embassy procured him distinguished treatment, and the interview concluded by the commander begging the attendance of Marcus at his residence in the evening, at a rout which his lady had arranged, and whose personal invitation would, he trusted, be excused under the circumstances of his sudden arrival.

Marcus attended, and, being indisposed to dance, amused himself with observing those who did. One lady engaged much of his attention. She seemed to have attracted that of others, too, for around the set in which she danced was quite a crush of fashionables. Her movements in the dance, which was one of slow evolutions, were those of perfect grace, while the figure of her person was incomparable. He could not obtain a view sufficiently near to see her face, without rudely crowding. Once he momentarily saw her profile, and then it reminded him of one who, he felt, could not be there. While he was thus occupied, a gentleman touched his elbow, saying:

"Ah! I perceive that you are drinking from those fascinating waters. Beware! They are intoxicating, and you had better resist your thirst."



Marcus turned toward the voice, and beheld the smiling visage of the governor.

"I must acknowledge," said Marcus, "that I was gazing at the lady who seems to occupy so much attention."

"Ah, indeed!" exclaimed the commandant, "she is irresistible. Her beauty is of an order almost extinct—such as we read of in our fables."

"Is the lady a Canadian?" inquired Marcus.

"No," said the commandant, "she is an American lady."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Marcus, with perceptible surprise.

"Yes," continued the humorous commandant, "an inflexible and a patriot daughter, too, and one who feels no devotion to your royal uniform."

"Then I am indebted to you, sir," replied Marcus, "for this timely caution."

"She has endured much suffering—escaped frightful perils," said the commandant; "she was rescued from a tribe of our Indian allies by a party of our soldiers, who fortunately marched into their village while she was standing at the stake, the fuel of which had been fired. The officer who redeemed her from this terrible position, and guarded her here, is now dancing with her."

Marcus was horrified. It was so like, and yet so unlike what Adam Morton had related, that he knew not whether it was Isabelle or not. But Adam had concealed the details of Isabelle's suffering, where connected with himself. The lady whom he had so much admired, soon passed close to him, and then he perceived that it was Isabelle.

Marcus had never seen her to so much advantage. He had not met her in society, nor so elegantly attired. Indeed, he had seen her but once in the character of Isabelle; before that, she had ever been to him the troubadour. He retired a few minutes to summon courage to address her—to claim the attention for which there was such a rivalry. When, however, he advanced and attracted the eye of Isabelle, she started with astonishment.

"Is it Lieutenant Goodheart?" she exclaimed.

"It is," replied Marcus; "and he is no less amazed at seeing you in the camp of the enemy."

"I owe it to the nobleness of that enemy that I am here," said Isabelle, "and not to his antagonism. He delivered me from wretchedness and fear, and even from the jaws of death, and thus shelters me beneath his generous hospitality."

"I am rejoiced to hear so flattering a report of my brothers-in-arms," said Marcus; "when we last met, the current event were less worthy of my countrymen."

"You speak truly," replied Isabelle; "the calamity of that day is the cause of all my sorrows—griefs and trials that you know not of."

"I am not wholly ignorant of the measure of your afflictions,"



said Marcus; "they were related to me as I passed through the forest."

"The forest!" exclaimed Isabelle; "who speaks of me there?"

"On our march we encountered Indians," said Marcus.

"Surely they could not refer to me," said Isabelle.

"But they had a captive," continued Marcus.

"Know you his name?" inquired Isabelle, in great agitation.

"Adam Morton," replied Marcus.

"Is that devoted man again deprived of liberty?" exclaimed Isabelle.

"No," said Marcus, "he is free."

"Did you give him liberty?" asked Isabelle, with much animation.

"I induced the Indians to do so," replied Marcus.

"May he live to requite you," said Isabelle, in a most solemn tone.

"His conduct has been noble in my cause, and you could not have conferred a greater favor upon me than this act of generosity toward him."

At this juncture supper was announced, and Marcus led the fair Isabelle to the table, infinitely the most favored and honored guest of that numerous assemblage. Isabelle, during the repast, related to Marcus some of the particulars of her residence with the Indians, and of the bold and successful search of the valiant Adam Morton. She spoke of his disinterested courage with enthusiasm, and though Marcus could not deny that he had earned this meed of praise, a silent fear that such devotion might influence the deeper feelings of her heart made him less loud in his acclamations than magnanimity might have prompted.

They retired from the supper room, promenaded the reception-apartment, and had sat down in a retired portion, absorbed in conversation, when the eyes of Isabelle being suddenly raised, she perceived standing before her the figure of the governor's lady. Isabelle blushed deeply; but her merry friend remarked:

"I was fearful, my dearest girl, that you were suffering from illness, and had surreptitiously withdrawn; but I am rejoiced to perceive a demonstration of my error."

"I trust you will pardon my delinquency, dear madam," said Isabelle, rising, "but Lieutenant Goodheart is not so great a stranger to me as you may imagine. I have long had the honor of a knowledge of him. He was one of that corps who assisted in the destruction of my residence at the burning of Esopus."

"Oh, I perceive," replied the lady. "Ah, it must be a highly gratifying meeting. To have one's house destroyed by fire, and every article therein, and then to encounter the incendiary at a ball, is quite a feature in romance. What atonement does he suggest, my dear? What terms are you discussing?"

Isabelle was confused, and it was visible on her crimson cheek; but not to be less jocose than her cheerful and arch interlocutor, she replied:



“His atonement is that of remorse. He deeply laments a ‘casualty’ that he had no power to prevent, and which he ascribes more to accident than design.”

“Ah, Isabelle,” said the lady, “this is the ordinary recompense. These military ‘casualties,’—which we more properly term outrages—are the execration of the daughters of the belligerents, and of many of the sons, too. Sorrow is no atonement. Let him rebuild, Isabelle, let him rebuild. Condemn him to the penalty of reconstruction. Come with me, love, and leave him to think in retirement on the plan of architecture, and the strength of edifice;” and the lady, with an air of triumph, carried off the fair charmer from the society of Marcus, who could not, despite every effort, recover the advantage he had lost; and when the separation for the night took place, he could only express a hope to be more successful the next morning.

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## CHAPTER XV.

### THE DECLARATION.

LIEUTENANT GOODHEART retired to his quarters from the splendid ball with more happiness in his heart than he had experienced for a long period. He had found Isabelle, and was determined not again to separate until he had ascertained whether he were acceptable to her love. He recoiled from the step, though his resolution was unshaken. He knew her devotion to her country’s cause, and how incompatible his loyalty was with that; but he did not fear the antagonism of these feelings so much as the rivalry of the captive of the woods—of him who had first introduced himself to his notice by drawing his sword upon him in jealousy at Esopus—of Adam Morton.

A few days after the rout he had the good fortune to find Isabelle alone in the drawing-room, and, taking advantage of an event that might not recur, he commenced:

“I fear that I shall soon be deprived of your society, for the dispatches of which I am to be the bearer are expected daily.”

“You will have a long and dreary march,” replied Isabelle, in a melancholy tone; “and the forest, lonely and dangerous at all times, will now add to those features inhospitality and cold.”

“I fear not the hardships nor the dangers of the forest, although I would not willingly adventure there without a talisman, which I am now seeking. I will confide to you the secret.”

“Why confide in me?” asked Isabelle, as she raised her eyes to those of Marcus.

“Because you are the enchantress who can render me impervious



to the perils of a soldier's life. From the moment you avowed your sex, and sung a sad adieu beneath my window, my prostrated heart has yearned for the opportunity which it now enjoys. Isabelle, hear me with patience. Listen while I recite the agonies which I have endured since the sudden departure of the troubadour, increased by the calamities of Esopas. My devotion, my love—"

"Forbear this language," interposed Isabelle, deeply affected. "Have pity upon a stranger, a suppliant and a prisoner in your camp. I am here alone, unguided and unguarded, and I entreat your mercy. My father is a soldier, an unflinching republican, and your deadly enemy. My brothers are no less enthusiastic in the cause of liberty. I am thus daughter and sister to your foes, and though I may not share their animosity, I admire their bold resistance to oppression. I have just escaped from the power of a ruthless savage, who, for love of me—for so he apologized for his violence—tore me from all that made me happy, and, conveying me through wild forests, deaf to my entreaties for release, he placed me in his barbarous village, where he proffered me the frightful distinction of his hand. I do not for a moment draw a comparison between you and the dark chieftain; but to me there is something hideously parallel in the circumstances of your loves. Let the cry, "To arms!" be sounded, would you not draw your gallant sword, rush to the field and join in the slaughter? Would you not thrust to the heart all who stood between you and the ideal glory which you sought, whether you were opposed by my dear father, my fearless brothers, or by ail? And when I was fatherless and brotherless, as I am motherless, then, with sword reeking with the blood of all her race, you appear before the orphan to renew your vows of constancy."

"Pursue not this terrifying portraiture," implored Marcus; "it will not—shall not occur."

"Why, are you not a soldier of the great king who demands our blood or our obedience?" said Isabelle. "And when the clarion sounded the attack, would you risk the charge of cowardice and advance less furiously toward the foe because the father of Isabelle might be there? You know you would not. Eager for blood, you would not care what orphanage, what widowhood, what misery your sword occasioned, so that you sustained your honor in the contest."

"Isabelle," said Marcus, in a tremulous voice, "my heart, in its deep devotion, refuses to countenance these almost impossible casualties. It is love founded upon the sweet remembrances of the troubadour, and now grown unconquerable, that the charming associate of that period of my leisure is become the peerless Isabelle. And, as I have but the friendship of the boy, let me not be denied the ecstatic compensation of the affection of his successor."

"Oh, Lieutenant Goodheart," exclaimed Isabelle, "press me no more upon this painful subject. I esteem you. I am grateful for your kind protection when I was friendless and in peril, and your assistance to my brother when he was a helpless prisoner, and you



knew not that he had interest in my heart. But my love, which you value far too highly, is reserved for my country—" Isabelle paused for an instant, and added, in a lower tone—" and its sons."

"Isabelle," exclaimed Marcus, "drive me not to distraction! Allow me not to infer that you have already pledged your heart."

Isabelle spoke not. The thoughts of Marcus were maddening, and he said, in a tone of voice more frightful than his previous accents:

"Isabelle, tell me, is your love another's, that I may not importune you vexatiously?"

"I spoke but in general terms," said Isabelle, her lustrous eyes cast down upon the floor, "when I referred to the sons of my country. My heart is individually free."

"That admission gives a vigor to my life," said Marcus, with vivacity, "and an impulsiveness to hope. But, in reply to those arguments you have used, and which have cast so deep a shadow o'er my heart," he continued, taking her fair hand, "allow me to explain, fair Isabelle, that a British soldier is the servant of the crown. He regards no principle but that of fidelity to his sovereign, and he fights or stands aloof as that sovereign directs. Thus I am not your father's or your brother's enemy, though bound in honor to support my king. Permit me to hope, if you can not grant me more; for beneath this refuge I have been sustained through all my sorrow."

Before, however, a reply could be rendered, the governor's lady entered the apartment. All three were confused, and the lady was about to atone for her intrusion by retiring, when an imploring look from Isabelle caused her to advance, and addressing Marcus, who stood despondingly beside the blushing Isabelle, she said:

"Lieutenant Goodheart, the governor has been in search of you. He has some important intelligence for your ear."

Marcus bowed to the informant, then endeavored to extract a glance of encouragement from the eye of Isabelle; but, perceiving that she viewed nothing but the floor, he slowly and reluctantly retired. Isabelle sunk into a chair greatly affected.

"Thou queen of hearts!" exclaimed the lady, laughingly attempting to rally her from apparent sufferings, and stepping behind her chair and impressing a kiss upon her forehead; "bewitching in thy simplicity and artlessness, a foe in thy innocence, our very garrison are surrendering at discretion to the powerfulness of thy charms, and the governor will be deprived of his command by his own fair guest."

"Then, madam," replied Isabelle, who had partly recovered from her agitation, "be it your care to save the noble garrison, and induce the governor to expel the arch-rebel Isabelle, whom you have unmasked, and commit her to the custody of her own people."

"What! Isabelle," said the lady, "would you fly in the hour of victory?"

"My dear madam," said Isabelle, "I am not in a mood to conquer."



“Nay, nay, sweet Isabelle,” said the persevering lady whose uniform kindness and affection did not repress the curiosity of her sex; “it seemed like your hour of triumph when I so inopportunately entered the room.”

Isabelle blushed deeply, and could not reply. She was greatly agitated. The governor’s lady took a chair beside her and said :

“I fear, dear Isabelle, that I have too rudely referred to a subject that I ought not to have mentioned. Pardon me, and the circumstance shall be forgotten.”

“Oh, do not term your kindness rudeness,” said Isabelle, “nor offer apologies for that which deserves my thanks. I feel so alone, so abandoned, that I am grateful for this interest which you display in what concerns me. You are well known to Lieutenant Goodheart. I have known him before this unfortunate meeting, and have admired his integrity and honor. He has now quitted me under painful feelings, which you might soothe by your council and advice.”

“What has occurred, Isabelle?” inquired the lady.

“I can not love him,” responded Isabelle.

“I would not attempt to influence or guide your judgment in a question of the heart,” observed the lady; “but I would tutor you to think well before you reject the affections of a gentleman whom I know is an ornament to the British army.”

“I am not ignorant of the worth of Lieutenant Goodheart,” said Isabelle, “and am astonished that he should seek the hand of one who possesses so little claim to such distinction; but still my heart is obdurate, and I follow its teachings in my hopes of happiness.”

“I will not urge another word, Isabelle,” said the lady, “upon a topic so momentous to your solace; but we shall witness little of the lieutenant’s anguish, for, if I understand the governor correctly, it is not improbable that he will quit Montreal at dawn to-morrow.”

Isabelle turned pale when she heard of this sudden departure of Lieutenant Goodheart. She again looked within her heart to ascertain if she could lighten with hope the bitterness of his journey; but, although her mind reverted to all that gentle kindness from their earliest meeting within the British lines to the hour of parting, her feelings were not those of love—only of deep and lasting gratitude.

In the mean time, Marcus concealing his wretchedness, had received his dispatches, which were verbal, from the governor, accompanied by a wish that the following morning might not be thought too early for his departure. The command was painful to his bleeding wounds; but, affecting a cheerfulness while all was desolation, he bowed his acquiescence, and left the presence of his superior. He summoned his little band, delivered to them his orders for the march, and found that these poor fellows had their attachments to the place as well as he. He took leave of his friends, made all necessary arrangements, and in the evening again appeared at the governor’s residence. He was welcomed by Isabelle and the lady of the governor, but both were shocked at the alteration in his appearance.



He seemed but the ghost of what he was a few hours earlier. With glassy eye, and sunken and pallid cheek, and lips wholly colorless, he seemed to have undergone the ordeal of the grave. Isabelle was terrified as she thought of the mental torture that had effected this transformation in the handsome officer.

Marcus, however, endeavored to conceal his sorrow in the presence of a third, and commenced a species of sportive conversation, and, while he was making every effort to maintain his feelings by the rapidity of his language, a servant entered the apartment with a request that the governor's lady would join her husband in another room. Isabelle shrunk from the contingency of her companion's absence, and was about to rise also, when that lady remarked to Isabelle :

"I will rejoin you in a few minutes, if I may trouble you to entertain Lieutenant Goodheart until my return."

Isabelle was constrained to remain or be guilty of personal rudeness. Marcus saw the value of the moment.

"Isabelle," he said, "I had almost resigned myself to despair when I received orders to commence my return march to-morrow; but the sweetness of hope still flutters round my heart, and, ere I leave, I trust that you will permit me to retain just so much of happiness. I love you so deeply, so sincerely, so unconquerably, that I fear to think of the consequence of the utter rejection of such a passion. The sentence which your lips pronounced is so appalling that I plead for mitigation, and will ask no more than hope."

Marcus approached Isabelle; he raised her soft hand to his feverish lips, and, while he saw that her bosom was painful with emotion, he continued :

"With hope comes life, and with life comes the hope of yet clambering to your heart. It will be my companion through the wintry forest. It will convert that dreary wood into a floral garden, and I shall be blithe and gay to pursue my journey, alike insensible to danger and to cold."

"Oh, do not force me to repeat what lacerates the hearts of both!" exclaimed Isabelle; "nor would you desire me to give encouragement where I can not do it with integrity of feeling."

"You would not drive me from your presence in this despondency?" almost supplicated Marcus.

"If I could believe that my heart might undergo a change," replied Isabelle, "I would not have spoken so absolutely; but, be assured, that no previous affection influenced my judgment. My heart has never imbibed an attachment beyond that of gratitude, and that sublime feeling I entertain toward you as well as others."

"Isabelle, I will distress you no longer," said Marcus. "I now feel hope, fragile it may be; but without that little cord 'twixt you and I, the forest would have been my grave, its lofty trees my monument. But now I go more gaily on my way, and will still hope that as you revolve in your mind my deep and ardent love a feeling may eat into your heart which is loftier than gratitude."



Isabelle was silent. She could not again forbid a hope that seemed to bestow a new existence upon Marcus; and he, resting on this sweet joy, and pressing her hand first to his heart and then to his lips, bade her farewell; and when, in the early morning, he crossed the river and entered the leafless forest, his was the only countenance of the band that contemplated the gloomy march with cheerfulness.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE RETURN OF MORTON TO ESOPUS.

IMMEDIATELY after Adam Morton had obtained his liberty through the contrivance of Goodheart, he hastened on his journey with a vigor increased by his unfortunate delays. He attained the banks of the Hudson, crossed the river, ascended the heights, and was at Esopus.

There he saw a village already reconstructed. No ashes were visible but those which he had pronounced sacred to himself. The industry of the people had surmounted the calamity of the conflagration, and happiness prevailed. The inhabitants surrounded him, grasped his hands in joy, and demanded, in a thousand voices:

“Where is Isabelle?”

Adam related her perils, and modestly referred to the share he had in her deliverance; but he made such great omissions in the narrative, that they heard but little of the bravery he displayed in her rescue until a much later period.

The indefatigable and devoted Adam Morton had another object in thus hastening to Esopus besides allaying the fears of the inhabitants with the intelligence he brought. He knew that the desolation which the home of her infancy presented, would lessen the delight of Isabelle's restoration to her native village, and he therefore resolved that it should never meet her eye. Inviting the willing aid of the sturdy dwellers in the settlement, he removed the blackened embers of the house, and prepared to erect another structure. With incredible speed an edifice was reared upon the very spot which had been occupied by the former home. But there never was a building erected with such indomitable energy. It was indeed a temple of fame to the sturdy donors, and a graceful tribute of their love to Isabelle.

This work completed, and every preparation made to receive Isabelle, Adam again assumed the soldier, and announced to his fellow-laborers his intention to proceed the following day to Valley Forge, and join the forces of the commander-in-chief.



## CHAPTER XVII.

## THE RETREAT AND THE BATTLE.

MARCUS GOODHEART returned to New York with his little band and the governor was highly pleased with his success and diligence and soon gave evidence of his approbation by appointing him to a company. At any other period than this, Marcus would have been delighted at the distinction; but promotion in his profession, unaccompanied by advancement in the heart of the irresistible Isabelle, was but an empty honor. Hope forsook his heart, and he became forlorn and desolate. So passed the dreary winter, but with the spring came warlike preparations which demanded his attention. General Howe was ordered home. General Clinton was to take command of the army in occupation of Philadelphia, and he had selected Marcus to accompany him.

He soon reached that gay city where the English red-coats were highly popular with the ladies, and he endeavored to divert his melancholy and amuse his mind in their society; but there was a witchery, a sweetness about the unattainable Isabelle, which rendered her infinitely superior to the fair with whom he now visited.

From this life of luxurious but unhappy indolence, he was aroused by orders to prepare to quit Philadelphia. The French had decided to assist America in her struggle for independence, and it was therefore necessary to concentrate the British forces, and Sir Henry Clinton resolved to march his army to New York. The Americans had diligently watched their enemy during the whole winter from their camp at Valley Forge, and would no doubt confer upon them the same unwelcome honor in their retreat.

The gallant host left Philadelphia, and proceeded on their way, watched by a not less gallant band, that hovered in the distance, ready to avail itself of every error of its glittering enemy. It was the American army under General Washington, whose men, with the bare necessities of life, were not deterred from indulging in merriment at the magnitude of the commissariat and baggage of their sumptuous foe, which were conveyed in carriages of various devices, and upon bat-horses, and extended over a distance of ten miles. It was a tempting recompense to a hungry enemy, could he but find a point favorable to an onset.

The English reached Monmouth, and were but a day's march from the Hook. While the camp was in repose, Marcus had ridden forward to put the immense train of baggage in motion at an early hour, that they might not impede the progress of the army. This he had effected, and was returning, when he found that the advance-guard was in motion, and, at the same time, observed some movements in General Lee's division of the American army. In an instant he gave the alarm; the British formed, and when the general debouched from a wood which had screened him, he found the enemy prepared, and



quickly retreated. The firing, however, had brought the adverse generals to the scene of combat, and an engagement soon ensued.

The object of the English commander was not to fight; but now that there was no alternative to battle, he prepared his men, and the preliminaries for the struggle were soon arranged.

The battle was terrible and remorseless, as all battles are, where soldiers do every thing like brutes but eat their victims. The day was surpassing hot, the sun shed its rays in unremitting fury, and the arid sands on which the soldiers fought increased the terrors of the day by their reflection, and exhaustion killed as many as the sword. But Marcus was impervious to these destructive influences. He was in the midst of carnage; but his wounds were painless, nor did he feel the maddening thirst that had rendered hundreds speechless. Twice he was complimented by the commander for his daring and timely courage on the field, for none could suppose that he sought death who saw how fiercely he struggled against such a fate. But the end of this frightful day arrived, evening approached, and the English commander gave the order to retire. At that moment Marcus was in front. The order had not reached him, and, when others recoiled, he and his company were almost inclosed by the enemy. His brother officers, however, advanced to his rescue, and had charged the Americans, when a young American officer was shot from his horse not far from Marcus. For the first time that day, his heart felt a touch of sympathy. The officer's horse plunged greatly, and he used his efforts to disentangle the rider from the animal. This he effected, and just as he had ascertained that the wound of the officer was not fatal, a cheer arose in the air. It was from his own men. They were delivered, and he was about to mount the noble animal which he held, and rejoin them, when the bone of his left arm was broken by a musket shot. Some soldiers perceived his attempts to escape, and advanced to bayonet him, while he seized a pistol from the holster of the saddle; but at this juncture a field-officer rode up, and, in a voice of thunder, commanded their retirement. He was obeyed. The officer then dismounted, spoke some kind words to his prisoner, and took his hand; but a mist rendered the vision of Marcus imperfect, and he sunk upon the ground.

That night the American army slept upon their arms, and Washington reposed beneath a tree, resolved to renew the struggle in the morning; but when the sun rose upon the battle-field, the British had decamped, and only left their wounded to the victors.

When Marcus returned to consciousness, he found himself in a small room, stretched upon a bed. His arm was bandaged to a painful tightness, and his body in a state of great inaction. He was unable to rise from the bed on which he reclined. He attempted to revive in his memory past occurrences, and as the battle and his participation in it recurred to his mind, he naturally felt anxious as to his position, whether he was with friends or enemies. When he had remained some time in this agony of mind as well as body, a woman, habited as a nurse, entered the apartment. Her experience instruc-



ted her that her patient's reason had returned. The instant he perceived this visitor, he exclaimed :

“ Where am I, my good friend ? ”

“ In hospital,” was the laconic answer.

“ Have I been long here ? ” inquired Marcus.

“ Ever since you were taken prisoner,” replied the nurse.

“ Prisoner ! ” exclaimed Marcus. “ Am I a prisoner ? ”

“ To be sure you are,” replied the nurse; “ and there are plenty more like you.”

“ Tell me, my good woman,” interposed Marcus, in great agitation, “ what was the result of the battle ? ”

“ Why, the Britishers ran away,” said the nurse, exultingly, “ and left us to bury their dead and to cure their wounded.”

“ What ! ” exclaimed Marcus; “ were the English defeated—routed ? ”

“ Oh yes,” replied the nurse, “ they were beaten; but in the night they scampered off over the soft Monmouth sands, and they managed it so slyly, that even our great Washington, who took a few hours sleep under a tree, did not hear them. But the major told me to say nothing to alarm you when you recovered your senses, so I must say no more.”

With this sudden prudential notion she quitted the apartment.

Marcus continued for some time in a state of great solicitude, when a tall, military figure entered the little dormitory. He hastily approached the bed, grasped his hand, and said :

“ Captain Goodheart, will you allow one who is greatly your debtor, and who, at this moment, as a soldier, is more fortunate than yourself, to offer you his hand in kindness ? ”

Marcus regarded him intently. He soon recognized the same gallant rival whom he had encountered at Esopus, the same manacled prisoner whom he had released from the Indians in the forest, and the same triumphant enemy who had preserved his life upon the field of Monmouth—Adam Morton. Marcus pressed his hand in silent thankfulness, although he cared little for his life.

“ I infer,” he at length said, “ that I am your prisoner.”

“ By one of those reverses which sometimes attend on bravery like yours, you have fallen into the power of the Americans,” said the major; “ but I will endeavor to lighten the weight of your captivity, though I can not exercise the generosity toward you that I received when a helpless prisoner in the forest.”

“ I owe to you my life,” said Marcus, “ but it is so clouded with sorrows, that although I fully appreciate your noble conduct, I fear my poor heart is sadly ungrateful for the boon.”

“ Oh,” exclaimed Adam humorously, “ you will find an antidote to this sorrow, even in an enemy's camp; for your gallantry in the field, though it ended in your capture, is the theme of conversation among your foes as well as with your friends. There is a young officer also anxious to be presented to you, to thank you for the timely aid you rendered him, which preserved his life; but he is de



lighted at the renewal of the lease, and so will you be when you are less agonized by your wounds."

Major Morton visited Marcus once or twice a day, and when he was well enough to rise from his bed, he introduced to him his young friend, Lieutenant Fearnought. Marcus was astonished at the name, and almost overwhelmed at the resemblance of this gallant soldier to Isabelle.

"I have been most anxious," said the lieutenant, "to acknowledge the peril from which you redeemed me on the plains of Monmouth; but I deeply regret that such a generous act should have contributed to your captivity."

"A soldier," replied Marcus, "must be prepared as well for the reverses as for the triumphs of war; but you must not attribute my surrender to feelings of sympathy, for at the time I was attacked by one of your infantry, I was about to mount your horse, that his speed might aid in my retreat."

At this period of the conversation, Adam Morton received a summons, and excusing his sudden departure, Marcus and the young lieutenant were left alone. After renewing the conversation on the subject that had been introduced :

"May I inquire," asked Marcus, "if you have a sister named Isabelle?"

"I have," smiled the lieutenant; "through whom I have been informed how much I am indebted to you on her account."

"Is she in safety?" asked Marcus, anxiously.

"In perfect safety," replied the lieutenant. "She now occupies the old homestead at Esopus, and my father and brother are at this time with her. Major Morton and I were to have been of the party; but that worthy soldier refused to quit his prisoner, and I was desirous to render all the services I could to one who had saved my life."

Marcus heard not all this. He was sensible to no other words than those which alluded to Morton, that he was to have visited Isabelle. He became thoughtful, and apparently more faint, and less capable of enduring society, which Lieutenant Fearnought perceiving, he took his departure. When his visitor had gone, a deep sigh escaped his breast, he rested his pensive brow upon his trembling hand, endeavoring to alleviate his anguish. For hours he maintained this posture, and at length retired to his pallet with no less depression, no less meditation. The struggle of that night was terrible; but in the morning there was resolution and firmness in his face. He was impatient for the visit of Adam. When he arrived, he regarded Marcus with some alarm. His face was flushed, his hand was heated, and there seemed a feverish restlessness in his eyes as well as in his habits.

"You are not well to-day," said Adam. "I fear you distress your mind unnecessarily in reference to your captivity."

"My mind has been ill at ease," said Marcus, "and I am not surprised that what I last night endured should be visible in my face



this morning, for I have been tearing a portion of the vitality from my heart, and then experimenting on whether the principle of life could be maintained without it."

"What mean you, my dear friend?" asked Adam, in anxiety.

"That I have driven the angel of earth, sweet Isabelle, from that region?" gasped Marcus.

"Indeed," said Adam, in a slow, measured tone; "was that lovely girl so firmly planted there?"

"I thought immovably so," replied Marcus, in a melancholy tone, "but I have subjugated those powerful influences which held empire over my mind. Adam Morton, we can in future be friends, for from this moment I cease to regard Isabelle but as a divinity that I shall never more approach."

"My dearest friend," exclaimed Adam, with much emotion, and grasping the hand of Marcus as he extended it, but astonished at his conduct, "the happiness of Isabelle is unspeakably dear to me. I would freely purchase it with my life, my peace on earth, and almost with my hopes hereafter; but this devotion is unselfish. I have never presumed to ask her love, nor have I seen her since we separated in the forest, although I am aware of her safety. Isabelle is all truthfulness and faith, and will be guided in her preference by her love. I shall rejoice in what makes Isabelle happy."

"Noble, admirable man," exclaimed Marcus. "You shame me by your magnanimity. Although devoted to the incomparable Isabelle, I have found no favor in her heart. I have avowed my passion—urged my suit with all my powers of supplication; but I could not move her love. Still, I have subdued these feelings, and trust that those which have supplanted them will endure to the end of life."

Adam remained some time in silence, but at length replied:

"Where you have failed to inspire a feeling of love, I can not expect to find acceptance. But why should I aspire to so bright a gem as Isabelle. I have bridled my tongue, controlled my heart, when either would attempt to express so bold a thought as love."

"But, Adam," replied Marcus, "I perceive matters through a vision unshaded by your modesty. When you were condemned to die, and chained to the fatal stake, what feeling inspired that sweet and lovely maid to rush from the cabin where she was concealed, and, placing herself beside you, to call upon the barbarous assembly to fire the pile?"

A tear glistened in the eye of Adam as he was reminded of that terrible scene, and he replied:

"It was her heavenly nature rather than her love. Isabelle would not have done otherwise, had an enemy been at this crisis of his life."

"Adam, my dear friend, it was love!" said Marcus, with great solemnity.

The friends continued to pace slowly upon the walk in silence and much agitated, the crippled prisoner supported by the more able soldier; but they soon separated, to soothe their troubled feelings in retirement.



## CHAPTER XVIII

## THE RELEASE.

THE recovery of Marcus from his severe wounds was slow, but every effort was made by his two friends to render his detention as agreeable as possible. They walked with him, sat with him, dined with him, until they almost made him forget his prison-life. Still, his general health remained greatly impaired. The loss of blood which he had sustained, and the anxiety his mind had undergone for many months previous to the battle, had so affected his constitution that the surgeon assured his friends that he would be compelled to return to England for complete restoration.

One morning, Adam called upon Marcus earlier than was usual. He had a smile upon his face; but it was divested of its usual pleasantness, and Marcus awaited his first words in some alarm.

"Good news, my friend!" he said. "I come to congratulate you on the arrival of good news."

"For me?" exclaimed Marcus. "Pray tell it quickly, for such intelligence is rare indeed, and I feared something more adverse from your painful smile."

"An exchange of prisoners is negotiating," said Adam, "and it is not unlikely that you will soon be free."

"Is it so, good Adam?" replied Marcus, humorously. "Then I must confess that you scarcely come to knock off my manacles with a grace. You need not fear my sword again in battle, for you have so maimed this poor body that I can scarcely draw the weapon from its scabbard."

"I fear that I am a less merry harbinger of liberty than I ought to be," said Adam, "but I can not forget that it entails separation from so dear a friend."

At this instant Lieutenant Fearnought entered; but he perceived that the intelligence with which he was laden had preceded him, and he congratulated Marcus on what he judged that he had heard from Adam.

"You have rendered my captivity so pleasant," remarked Marcus "that I feel the boon of liberty to be scarcely an enjoyment."

In a few weeks the terms of exchange between the belligerents were arranged, and Marcus quitted the fostering care of his most worthy friends. Upon his arrival in New York, permission was immediately granted for Marcus to return to England, and he left the shores of America in the first returning ship for those of his own country. There was a pang in his heart as he thus quitted the land of the fair Isabelle; but he overcame the feeling, and would only allow himself to remember her but as the betrothed of another. He wrote to Adam and to the brother of Isabelle, and expressed a hope that peace would soon enable them to continue a correspondence which he trusted would endure for life.



The voyage home was not unattended with advantages, and upon his arrival in England, Marcus found his health invigorated. The residence of his father was in the county of Cheshire, and there he proceeded, and under the kind nursing of an affectionate mother, he soon began to surmount the weakness that had caused his return.

Adjoining the estate of his father resided a gentleman with an only daughter. An intimacy had ensued between the families during the absence of Marcus, and the engaging society of this daughter afforded a pleasing resource to Marcus. She was deficient in the beauty and grace of Isabelle; but she was very interesting and engaging, and highly accomplished. They wandered together through the groves that bounded their homes, indulging in the pleasant shadow they afforded in their wild beauty, until Marcus began to feel that the society of the fair Flora was indispensable to his daily comfort, and that the devotion which bound his heart to the western side of the Atlantic was greatly modified.

One summer's evening, when the birds warbled in sweet harmony, when the gold and silver-fish reveled in the cool waters by which Marcus and Flora sat, when nature seemed smiling that the heat of the day had passed, and when the rose on Flora's cheek seemed to partake of the beauties of those influences, Marcus urged his suit and asked the tender feelings of a heart that he had learned to love. The gentle Flora blushed, allowed those tiny fingers to be retained which Marcus had clasped in his, and before they quitted the spot where their first words of love had been spoken, they made it yet more sacred by their vows.

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## CHAPTER XIX.

### ISABELLE AND ADAM.

THE Governor of Montreal, at the earnest solicitation of Isabelle, communicated with the American authorities, and delivered her into their hands, and she was transferred to Esopus. There she learned how much she owed the comfort of her reception to Adam Morton. She was sensibly affected at the persevering devotion of this matchless soldier. She could not but think that there dwelt some hidden feeling beneath that noble breast which had been disclosed to her only in deeds; and although her thoughts ever referred to Marcus with respect and gratitude, they were enriched with a higher and more enthusiastic feeling when Adam was the subject of her meditation. She had seen him threatened in every way—she had seen him suspended between life and death—and though she had been the cause of those perilous trials, he had regarded her with the same reverence as before the day she was stolen from Esopus.

Isabelle soon heard from her father and her brothers. They wrote



her every circumstance; their assault upon the British forces—how they retreated in the night—how Marcus was their prisoner—that he had saved her brother's life, and the brave Adam Morton had saved his. She regretted the weak state of Marcus, but she heard with pleasure and satisfaction of his release. One brother and her father were now with her, and when Marcus had taken his departure, her other brother and Adam Morton announced their intention to add their society to the number assembled at the house. The intelligence was received with satisfaction by all, and Isabelle, when she retired that night to rest, thought more of Adam's coming than of slumber.

In a few days these visitors arrived. Isabelle flew to meet these young warriors, cast herself into her dear brother's arms, and then welcomed Adam with a cheerful greeting. Adam thought her more angelic than he had ever seen her, and her society was the more delightful after the harsh associations of the camp.

One evening, Isabelle sat pensively alone in the parlor. Her father, Adam and her brothers had been absent all day, but were expected to return to supper. The sun had set, the curtains were undrawn, and the blaze of the cheerful fire rendered candles needless. It was the season of meditation, and Isabelle had penetrated so deeply into this shadowy region that she did not observe the entrance of Adam Morton until he approached within the circle of the light, and with quivering lips and beating heart, and scarcely hopeful feelings, ventured to use such language to Isabelle as he had never dared before, but which she plainly comprehended. Then ensued a tranquillity awful to the suppliant Adam. Not a word was spoken—not a sound was heard but that of the wild flames raging up the chimney. Thus Adam stood for judgment. Then a sweet voice, as if from the queen of paradise, broke the terror of this silence :

“Adam,” exclaimed the beauteous Isabelle, her brow still supported by her hand, while her eyes were bent upon the floor, “I scarcely awaited this avowal to give you my whole heart. I could not confine my feelings to the bounds of gratitude for all that I owe you. Had you never asked my love it would not have been another's. It would have remained as sacred to you as if it had been pledged.”

Adam stood aghast. He could not believe these sounds, and doubted if some perfidious aerial spirit—such as sport with mortals in their dreams—had not assailed his senses. But the voice was Isabelle's and the charm was his, and, speechless with ecstasy, he cast himself at the fair Isabelle's feet. Both were greatly agitated. She implored him to rise. He obeyed; but he could not control his heart. It bounded in his breast—it was disturbed by the huge agony of bliss; and exclaiming :

“Oh, Isabelle, I am too supremely happy for this life,” he rushed from the room as if in madness. But the cool breeze of the evening soothed his intoxicated senses, and when supper was announced he joined the party in comparative tranquillity. Isabelle withdrew at the earliest moment, the brothers had engagements, and then Adam, left alone with the elder Fearnought, unfolded to him what he had



disclosed to Isabelle, and how favorably she viewed his suit. The face of the affectionate father beamed with delight; joy sparkled in his eyes, but he did not reply. He rose, beckoned Adam to follow, and entered the parlor. There sat Isabelle. Her eyes looked timidly toward that of her father. The language that was unspoken was not unready, and the affectionate parent, telling her in his arms, gave her his blessing, and, placing her hand in that of Adam Newton, he said :

! “May God bless you, as I do,” and quitted the room.

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE REPRODUCTIONS.

MEN, circumstances and names are reproduced. Every thing recurs in the passage of time. The history of the present is but a narration of the past and an anticipation of the coming age. The comedy, the tragedy and the farce of life are re-enacted, and the virtues, the crimes and the follies of the dead are revived in the actions of the living.

Twenty years later, when peace had long been restored to America, accompanied with the independence for which she so bravely fought, a gentleman landed from a vessel which had arrived at New York from England. He was tall, handsome and courteous, and, instead of being influenced by the ordinary curiosity of a stranger to view an increasing city, he seemed anxious to quit it, as if other thoughts occupied his mind. He sought some conveyance up the Hudson. As he was by no means choise as to accommodation, he soon found a craft bound for Albany, the skipper of which bargained to convey him to any place where he wished to land. This suited the voyager, and the vessel soon left her moorings.

When they reached Esopus, the stranger landed and proceeded to the village. This he viewed with mere cursory attention. As he walked on he observed a house placed within some very charming grounds. It was not large, was built of wood, but its garden was a most attractive object, for it contained rare flowers and shrubs, and before the house was a pretty lawn. It seemed like the residence of refinement—as if the poetry without was only an earnest of the intelligence within. He was evidently deeply interested, and drew from his pocket a book upon which he commenced sketching. Soon a gentleman, about his own age, passed, and, perceiving his occupation, observed that he feared so humble an edifice would be scarcely worthy of such commemoration, although to himself and to his family it was very dear.



“Was not this house and village burnt?” asked the stranger.

“Yes, sir,” replied the other, “by the British—at least the village, not the house, though both were destroyed the same day.”

“May I ask your name, sir?” said the stranger.

“Adam Morton,” said the other.

“And I am Marcus Goodheart,” said the stranger, “which name may not be unknown to you.”

“Unknown to me!” exclaimed Adam, seizing the hand of Marcus, from which the book and pencil had fallen on the ground—“unknown to me! I was taught them before my alphabet. They came to my tongue with those of father and mother, and almost as often. Our fathers have fought side by side—no, pardon me, I mean face to face—but no matter, we are friends. I will not ask you your engagements, for you are my prisoner, and I will not discharge you on parole or otherwise until you have been delivered to my father. Come in—come in, I am not wholly alone.

Marcus was astonished at this singular encounter, and much affected. He, however, followed his voluble friend, who, after rushing through the various apartments on the first floor, and finding no one, exclaimed:

“Isabelle! Isabelle! come down!”

“I can not, dear Adam,” replied a sweet voice—“I am engaged.”

“Put aside every thing, dear Isabelle, and hasten down,” again vociferated Adam, “for Marcus Goodheart is here!”

“Marcus Goodheart!” repeated the same sweet voice, and a light step was heard in descent upon the stairs.

Then entered the apartment, where Adam stood, a beautiful maiden of eighteen, and he recognized that lovely vision which his father had often told him he first loved. Isabelle approached. Their hands were clasped in friendship, for the fair nymph only saw the Marcus of her mother.

“Your name, sir,” she said, “is with us a household word. Our dear parents have taught us to cherish and love you from our infancy, and I see in you the impersonation of the portrait so strongly impressed upon our minds, except that the artist may have scarcely done you justice.”

Marcus was much confused at this unsophisticated flattery, and Adam did not scruple to indulge in a fit of merry laughter, exclaiming:

“Why, Isabelle, this is not the gallant officer who protected our uncle Fearnought, and who was taken prisoner at the battle of Menmouth. It is his son!”

In a moment the face of Isabelle was suffused with blushes, the smiles faded from her cheeks, and she recoiled from the hand she had permitted to retain hers. The distress visible in her trembling figure did not escape the eye of Marcus, who quickly attempted to relieve her confusion, saying:

“I will consider the graceful tribute addressed to my father, of



whom I am the ambassador, charged to search with all diligence for those beloved friends who have never ceased to live within his heart. I repaired to this village and to this house for further instructions, and I have been fortunate in meeting your brother and yourself."

This restored, in some measure, the composure of Isabelle, and a general conversation soon ensued, when it was arranged that Marcus should accompany the brother and sister to their residence which was in New York; and in the course of a few hours these happy friends were floating down the Hudson toward the city.

Marcus was received by Adam Morton (who was then a colonel; and by his wife with as much joy as astonishment, who at once claimed him as their guest during his sojourn in the State, and, for the first few days, occupied almost his whole time in replying to their inquiries. Many excursions were arranged for his diversion and information, and the time passed so happily that Adam regretted its rapid flight. Marcus and Adam were inseparable friends; but the former had become impressed with a feeling of a yet more impassioned nature for another member of the family. As his father's heart had succumbed to the charms of the elder Isabelle, so had Marcus fallen before the sweet and unaffected loveliness of the younger; and when, in the exuberance of his devotion he cast himself and his future solace on her mercy, she displayed feelings of surrender that proved Marcus a more successful suitor than had been his father to Isabelle's mother.

This delicate secret was disclosed by Marcus to the colonel to whom it afforded much satisfaction; but he wished Marcus to procure his father's sanction, to whom he at once wrote, and who, among other things, replied :

"Nothing could occur more acceptable to the feelings of my heart, nor, I think, judging from analogy, more conducive to your happiness. The felicity which I sought at the feet of Isabelle will be consummated in the alliance now contemplated, and I am delighted that what I then deplored as so great a calamity will have so graceful an end."

The marriage was celebrated, and the bride and bridegroom left America for England, where Isabelle soon became as prominent for her virtues as for her beauty.

But another link was added to the chain of union between these families. Adam, the following year, visited England, became enamored with Marcus's sister Flora, and soon he had to solicit from the colonel a similar permission to that obtained by Marcus from his father. It was joyously conceded, and for many summers the waves of the Atlantic waited these children from father to father, and from home to home.



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506 Privateer's Cruise.  
507 The Indian Queen.  
508 The Wrecker's Prize.  
509 The Slave Sculptor.  
510 Backwoods Bride.  
511 Chip, the Cave Child.  
512 Bill Biddon, Trapper.  
513 Outward Bound.  
514 East and West.  
515 The Indian Princess.  
516 The Forest Spy.  
517 Graylock, the Guide.  
518 Off and On.  
519 Seth Jones.

The following will be issued in the order and on the dates indicated:

- 520 The Emerald Necklace. By Rose Kennedy. Ready July 4th.  
521 Malaska, the Indian Wife. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. Ready July 18th.  
522 Burt Bunker, the Trapper. By Charles La Salle. Ready August 1st.  
523 The Pale-Face Squaw. By C. Dunning Clark. Ready August 15th.  
524 Winifred Winthrop. By Clara Augusta. Ready August 29th.  
525 The Wrecker's Daughter. By Mrs. Orrin James. Ready September 12th.  
526 Hearts Forever. By N. C. Iron. Ready September 26th.  
527 The Frontier Angel. By Edward S. Ellis. Ready October 10th.  
528 Florida. By Mrs. Mary A. Denison. Ready October 24th.  
529 The Maid of Esopus. By N. C. Iron. Ready November 7th.  
530 Ahmo's Plot. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. Ready November 21st.  
531 The Water Wail. By Charles P. Sumner. Ready December 5th.  
532 The Hunter's Cabin. By Edward S. Ellis. Ready December 19th.  
533 Hates and Loves. By the author of "Madge Wilde." Ready January 2d.  
534 Oonomoo, the Huron. By Edward S. Ellis. Ready January 16th.  
535 The White-Faced Pacer. By John Neal. Ready January 30th.

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